

The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Bible-Reading in the Public Schools

By Hon. John F. McCarron

Sarah Dunne

By Florence Gilmore

Three That Bear Witness

By Enid Dinnis

Ignorance of the Constitution

By William C. Murphy

With the Passionists in China

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The Constitution

American Citizens and Intelligent Suffrage

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

In this issue you will find two articles which I commend to you for serious reading. They are, "Ignorance of the Constitution" and "Bible Reading in the Public Schools."

Every American citizen owes it to his own intelligence and in fulfillment of his duties as a citizen to understand the basic principles of his government and the methods through which that government functions.

Yet it is simply appalling to find even among educated people those who are ignorant of the very first principles of our government. I recently met an American university man who calmly informed me that Congress has the right to make Constitutional Amendments!

A familiarity with the spirit and the explicit injunctions of the Constitution would curtail the nefarious action of many of our well-meaning but ignorant legislators who are fostering and furthering freak legislation.

Bible Reading is a good thing. We Catholics heartily approve it. But Bible Reading in our Public Schools, as a religious exercise, is un-American and un-Constitutional.

We Catholics believe in religious instruction for our school children. We believe in it so strongly that we build, equip and conduct our parochial schools at our own expense—and a mighty expense it is.

But we don't try to force our religious convictions on others. We have no right to. Nor has a Protestant majority the right to force the reading of the Protestant Bible on Catholic children. Nor have Christians the right to force the reading of the Christian Bible on Jewish children.

Our Public Schools are the property of the public, not of some of the public. They are non-sectarian. Religious instruction has no place in them.

Catholics keenly sympathize with those earnest, God-fearing persons who bewail the failure of the Sunday School and the lack of religious instruction and training of our American children.

But these same earnest and God-fearing persons should provide for the religious education of their children as best they may and at their own expense.

No cause, however worthy it may be, should be allowed to interfere with the religious or civic rights of any group of our American people. The very title, public, of our schools indicates that they are for the common good and are not to be dominated by any individual or group of individuals.

It has been well said that a people living under a constitutional form of government deserve the worst government they can get. In other words, if the people who have a right to govern themselves according to the Constitution forfeit their rights, they richly deserve the consequences,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

Our Ransom

DURING this month of July the Church provides that we pay special homage to the Precious Blood, according to her plan of lending variety to our devotions with the passing seasons.

Consider how much the modern conception of Christ would eliminate from the Scriptures as void or of no significance appertaining to the divinely established price of our redemption.

All this reluctance to rank Christ as God, except in the compromising sense in which all men may be said to participate in the divinity, surely leaves us without a competent Victim, equal to God Himself and with the capacity to suffer in the same Person.

As Revelation is mostly concerned with the Fall and Redemption of mankind, the clear and constant references to the Redeemer in the inspired poetical, prophetic, historical and didactic books become meaningless with the Victim Himself considered only as a super-eminent creature.

"I have trodden the winepress *alone*," is the Savior's significant reply to the inquiry, "Why is Thy raiment red, and why are Thy garments as of one trodding in the winepress?" Void also would be the divinely appointed ceremonial attending the purification and oblation of animals whence St. Paul draws the contrast, "Christ... neither by the blood of goats, or of calves, but by His own Blood, entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption, and therefore He is the Mediator of the New Testament."

Those who venture to compromise with faith in favor of reason can foresee no advantage to themselves, can discover no relation between type and fulfillment in the incident, "The blood of the lamb will be unto you for a sign, saith the Lord, and I will see the blood and will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you." Nor can they appreciate the consoling issue of redemption when it is proclaimed, "These are they who have

passed through great tribulation and have washed their robes and have made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

The Right Rev. John E. Burke

MONSIGNOR Burke will occupy a conspicuous place in American mission records. Undoubtedly the Church in America has a direct and weighty responsibility concerning our colored population. To whatever extent that responsibility has been met is due largely to Monsignor Burke's labors for the Negroes during more than forty years.

From the review of his life-work and the praise elicited by his passing many may have become aware, for the first time, of what he had accomplished and of what his undiminished sympathy for the colored people made him assume and project up to the end. Thus he is credited with assisting in the establishment of eighty mission churches for the Negroes and of sixty-six schools for their children. Two hundred and seventeen Sisters received their monthly remittance from him without fail.

Others will succeed and emulate him. It is necessary that they receive generous coöperation from the faithful. It is a cause that forcibly reminds us how God reckons the purity of men's souls and that only those will be deemed blessed who have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb.

"Black Power"

IN the death of General Mangin, France has lost another great general and fervent Catholic. Thirty years of service in Africa enabled him to reveal to his countrymen in a volume, *Black Power*, the military resources in the colored population of the colonies. His success in organizing and subsequently leading his colored troops to innumerable

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victories in the World War was the result of the affection and confidence he had earned. For he knew no distinction between the citizens of France and those of the colonies under the tri-color. Contemporary despatches recounting the recapture of Forts Douaumont and Vaux and the relief of Verdun and the splendid seizure of the Chemin des Dames may not have revealed the participants to us in detail, but General Mangin with his colored troops shouting "Vive Mangin!" and attacking the most impregnable positions with amazing vigor were the real heroes of those momentous engagements. General Mangin was the first to defeat General Hindenburg and at Villers-Cotteret it was his counter-offensive which precipitated the final German collapse.

General Mangin inherited his fervent faith from devout parents in Lorraine and had several brothers who were missionaries. He is survived by his wife and eight children.

One month after his death the French Academy "desiring posthumously to crown the literary work of the deceased General" awarded to his family its annual grand prize of 10,000 francs for literature. His literary work included several volumes on the Singalese and African troops as well as other works on Africa.

How Legends Persist

WE need not marvel that succeeding generations of non-Catholics continue to regard the Church with dark suspicion when gifted writers do not hesitate to entertain children with disparaging legends and misrepresentations. Such a charming writer and Bible-loving Christian is Margaret T. Applegarth, and her *Lamp-Lighters across the Sea* is a brochure well calculated to attract the young and stir them with missionary zeal. Yet even this mild-mannered and ingenuous lady is capable of misinforming her youthful audience thus:

It would be fun to write more about China. . . But we must let our minds sail south on a short trip to the LAND OF THE CLOSED BOOK, where our cousins, the Filipinos live.

You will see the Philippine Islands lying in the Pacific Ocean south of China, and I think you will be startled to hear that, although our cousins there have worshipped the Lord Jesus for over 400 years, yet they never have had *Bibles* until lately. You see, it was a *forbidden Book*, just as it had been up in heathen China, only here it was the Catholic priests themselves who refused to let the people read it. They did not seem to care that

this made them almost as superstitious as Chinese idolators.

But one fine day the Spanish no longer ruled the Philippines, for American warships had arrived to free the oppressed people. That was when we all got to be "cousins"! Uncle Sam has been looking after the people ever since then, and we have been sending over missionaries and Lamp-Lighters."

Thus, as usual, no distinction is made between the Church forbidding the use of the Bible and her insisting upon an authoritative interpretation of it. There is no allowance for the Church's well established claim that the Bible is not the sole rule of faith.

Catholic missionaries testify, and Protestant missionaries should have gathered the same evidence from experience, that it is imprudent to put the entire Testament into the hands of a pagan and sensuous people indiscriminately and without careful interpretation.

Getting Results

WE are familiar with the attitude of those who favor supporting home rather than foreign missions. They magnify the obstacles to be overcome in removing ancient prejudices and in adjusting the message to language and customs. Even broad-minded people are prone to argue that it is more practical to apply our resources and efforts where there will be quicker appreciation and more tangible results.

Granting that only results count, still we should not, in the case of the foreign missions, reckon on what can be produced by human enterprise alone. God Himself will lend a hand in overcoming the obstacles. Here the results prove it. Assuredly Christianity is firmly grafted on a people, such as the Chinese, when its own sons constitute the great majority of its zealous and self-sacrificing clergy. And now we mark a new milestone in China's mission history. By act of the Apostolic See a third Prefecture Apostolic, named Puchi, has been assigned to the Vincentian Fathers. And it is under full control the Chinese clergy!

Is It a False Alarm?

THE BOOKMAN allows it London critic thus to comment upon a report to the Congregational Union concerning the sensuous quality of modern fiction and the "large company" of the writers of it: "I wish someone would lead me to such books. . . I cannot think of even half a dozen third rate pornographic novelists active at this time.

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These people are certainly not a "company", and their "power", whether artistic or moral, is negligible. The clergy are too busy to read novels, just as the novelists are too busy to listen to the clergy; but that is no reason for the wholesale denunciation in which clerics so frequently and with so little dignity engage."

Assuredly our sincerity would be questioned if the people suspected that there was more of reckless alarm than of truth in our constant indictment of modern fiction.

It is true that clergymen, as a class, have neither the leisure nor the inclination to search for such evidence at first hand. But they have no need of searching for it. They are confronted by it in the brazen announcements of publishers with their deliberate promise of gratifying the lustfully curious. *The Bookman* itself makes it unnecessary to present in evidence a symposium of such advertisements. For, we find it editorially and with bland inconsistency considering the problem of censorship "in these days when attention is attracted to the deliberately lascivious in literature by extraordinary advertising and publicity." In these terms the writer concedes the existence of the evil and the seriousness of the problem, and he continues:

"When an author or a publisher privately prints and distributes an unclean book in gratification of a certain form of sensuous desire, that is more or less a personal affair. When the publisher or an author deliberately exploits and advertises and urges for public sale an indecent book, he affronts his fellow craftsmen and comes within the penalties of those reasonable laws which are designed to protect the sanctity of the American home. Nor is this a narrow-minded view."

Setting the Pace

IT would seem that there is another element beside the Nordic in the rising generation upon whose genius and lively interest America can depend for the preservation of her institutions and traditions.

With 200,000 high school students from every section of the country competing, Robert Krumholtz, Catholic high school student of Springfield, Ohio, won first place and a prize of \$750. in the America Legion's nation-wide essay contest. The subject proposed was "Why Communism is a Menace to Americanism". Among the judges was W. W. Husband, Commissioner General of Immigration.

Before 4,000 cheering children gathered in the opera house, Frank Norton, a product of St.

Teresa's parochial school, was awarded a medal and pronounced by Mayor Kendrick "Philadelphia's most distinguished boy citizen."

John Kennedy Carroll, high school student of the Bronx, wins a trip to Europe this summer as first prize for his oration, "The French Pioneers in America." The award is conferred by the Franco-American branch of the American Good Will Association.

Francis B. French, aged thirteen, an Elizabeth, N. J. parochial school product, received the personal congratulations of President Coolidge on being awarded highest honors among 400,000 American school pupils for his essay in the National Safety Campaign.

To this list the *Brooklyn Tablet* adds Mary McGillivray, St. Mary of the Mount Catholic High School, Pittsburgh, and Lillian Westbrook of Cathedral Girls' High School of Mobile, who captured first honors in similar contests in which thousands of public and private school students competed in their respective cities.

Color in Texas

OUR *Colored Missions* inquires whether it would not be well for Congress to use part of the money appropriated for the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment in enforcing the fifteenth. It leads up to the inquiry thus:

Texas has an act, passed two years ago, which reads, "... in no event shall a Negro be eligible to participate in a Democratic party primary election held in the State of Texas, and should a Negro vote in a Democratic primary election, such ballot shall be void and election officials are herein directed to throw out such ballot and not count the same."

How is this to be squared with the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States which declares, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude?"

Inge—It Rhymes With "Sting"

FROM the space and prominence allotted to the recent lecturing tour of Dean Inge our readers may correctly conclude that he is a prominent personage in the Anglican Church abroad. But his very prominence renders distressing his incapacity for fair or honest statement when he has Catholic affairs under observation. In England he keeps Catholic editors and apologists constantly employed in refuting his anti-Roman charges or in

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vainly demanding proofs of them. The amazing recklessness in argument of this churchman, with his rank and responsible position, forces the *London Tablet* to conclude that he is actuated by no other impulse than sheer blundering prejudice. That such an estimate is charitable may be deduced from the particular statement which was the occasion of it. Thus the Dean had declared in the *London Spectator*: "It is a simple fact that Rome was the ally of the Central Powers in every part of the world."

Such a statement may be inspired by prejudice, but it is sheer falsehood. The recklessness of its author is apparent in his sweeping terms. Against the open record of the Holy See throughout the war he hazards his reputation for sincerity with such terminology as "it is a simple fact" and "in every part of the world." He is welcome to the appraisal his deliberate mendaciousness will earn for him in the minds of serious World War students.

None should be more prompt than this churchman to express sympathy for the embarrassment of the Holy See confronted by misgivings and suspicions of the divers belligerents. Under these circumstances, and with the evidence at hand, it would have been ungenerous in him to charge Rome even with temporizing.

We should feel uneasy and ashamed if a Catholic ecclesiastic trifled thus with grave facts and we trust that the Dean's co-religionists feel ashamed of him. As *The Tablet* observes, "The sort of unproven stuff which the Dean has thought good enough for an anti-Catholic *rechauffé* in *The Spectator* has been used again and again; and the charge is not any weightier because it is he, and not some poor street-corner firebrand, who trots it out once more."

* * * * *

Rome the ally of the Central Powers in "every part of the world!"

Did the Religious Orders in France feel for a moment that they were out of sympathy with the Holy See while 5771 of their members were mobilized in French regiments, while 1640 of them were decorated for bravery, and while no less than 1552 were honored with the *croix de guerre*?

Revealed to the Little Ones

A WRITER in *Blackfriars* describes the recoil of a friend, an Anglican clergyman, upon first observing certain devotional practices in Italy:

But the final blow was received on the occasion of his visit to a convert Englishwoman, a former

servant in his family, who was recovering from an operation in the Blue Sisters' Hospital at Santo Stefano Rotondo. During the interview Mrs. S. took from her pocket what looked like a sheet of postage-stamps, and, tearing one off, calmly proceeded to swallow it. Seeing, and evidently enjoying his amazement, she showed him the stamps, which were reproductions, on flimsy paper, of some picture of Our Lady, and informed him that she often ate one as an act of devotion.

However, it was mostly the apparent incongruities of devotion among the Italian people themselves, the absorption of their interest in the Saints rather than in the Real Presence, the tawdry ornamentation of their shrines and their use of medals and pictures regarded as miraculous, which bewildered and shocked the reverend traveller.

The writer, Edith Cowell, begs indulgence for the Protestant view of these practices inasmuch as the gulf between Protestantism and Catholicism is psychological rather than intellectual, that the short doctrinal step brings them literally into a new world making the process of readjustment sharper than we imagine. In direct defense of these practices she shows that the over-beliefs and pious extras are really a sign of vitality of faith. And the Church has too much knowledge of human nature not to be aware of the fact that any attempt drastically to stamp out the small follies and pious fancies of her flock in the name of good taste or intellectual consistency would involve the grave risk of emptying the baby with the bath.

It may be wrong to explain the Church's attitude toward these practices as toleration. We have had occasion to suspect that there is less of mere temperament in these perfervid forms of devotion than is commonly presumed. Under favorable circumstances the Italian peasant woman in her devotion to the Madonna will reveal an understanding forcing us to associate her with the faithful at the Council of Ephesus who knew what was involved for Christ and the mystery of His Incarnation in the honor that was decreed to His Mother. Often have we been amazed at their familiarity with all that surrounds the sacred mysteries. With them it would often seem as if faith had passed into vision. Grouped around their favorite shrines it is quite conceivable that their simple thoughts are lifted in true contemplation beyond the tawdry images present to their senses. Their understanding of the essential things of faith is especially revealed at that crucial time when life ebbs and eternity dawns—how we have then marvelled as their faith blossomed in quiet resignation, in the copiousness and directness of their prayers, in the unctious of their contrition!

Sarah Dunne

An American Missionary in Alaska

By FLORENCE GILMORE

MOTHER MARY AMADEUS of the Sacred Heart is one of the six women whom Dr. J. J. Walsh named in reply to the mooted question, "What women have done such good work in the United States that they deserve to be given as models to the rising generation?" That she merits a place in every such list can not be doubted. Even apart from the tremendous spiritual significance of her work, it was great: she civilized, as well as Christianized, many hundreds of Indians; clothed, and fed, and educated Eskimos, while teaching them the truths that were to guide them to heaven. And she organized her work so perfectly that it will endure as long as the need for it.

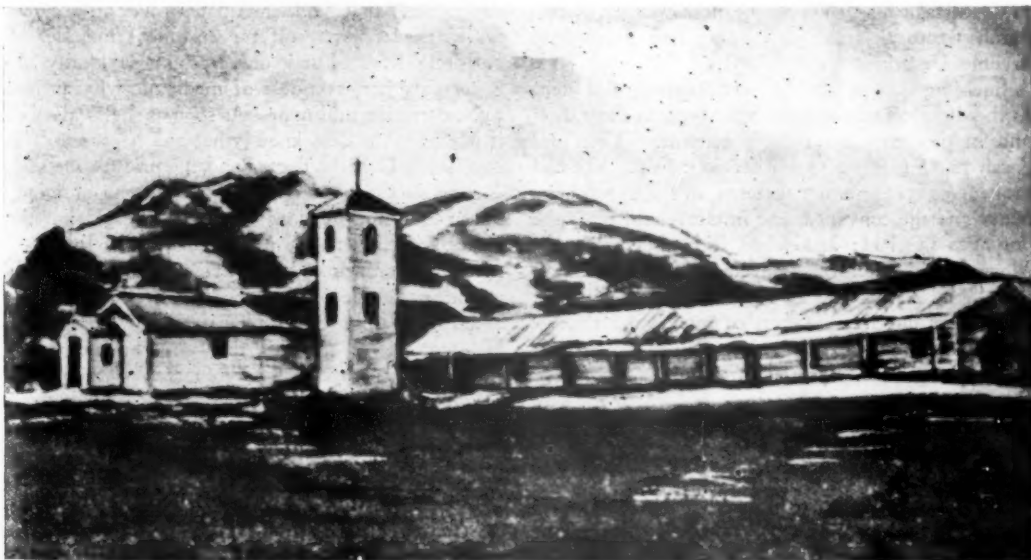
Beyond the circle of the Ursulines and their friends her story is not widely known. It is strange how blind we are to heroism when it is close to home. A missionary who wears away his life in the jungles of India attracts our attention more surely than one who labors among our Indians, or negroes, or in the slums of our big cities.

There was nothing unusual about the first

chapter of Mother Amadeus's life. Sarah Dunne, the youngest of five children, was born, in 1846, at Akron, Ohio, which was then a small, crude village. Her parents were Irish—devout, intelligent, and not always successful in their worldly affairs. Sarah was first distinguished from the other little Irish-American children about her, by being permitted to make her First Communion when she was but eight years of age: a most unusual privilege in 1854.

Not long afterward she delighted her mother's heart by displaying pluck and courage when put to the test. There was no parish school in the Akron of that day, and little Sarah's teacher in the public school one day spoke bitterly against the Church. Instantly Sarah was on her feet. "I am going home," she said. "My mother told me never to listen to any lies against the true Church, because I am an Irish Catholic." And taking her slate and books, she did go home.

When Sarah was ten years of age she and her sister, Mary, who was somewhat older, were sent to board at the Ursuline academy in Cleveland; and although Mr. and Mrs. Dunne lived long after this separation Sarah never saw them again. They



THE JESUIT MISSION OF ST. PETER WHERE MOTHER AMADEUS ARRIVED IN OCTOBER, 1884

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REVEREND MOTHER AMADEUS

moved to California, and five years later when question arose of young John Dunne returning to Ohio to take his sisters to the new western home, Sarah wrote that she and Mary had decided to become Ursulines.

Such news was entirely unexpected; but deep as the disappointment must have been to the father and mother they gave their consent. Then did Sarah prove that she was a heroic mould. She had broken away from her parents and her brothers. Mary and the convent home in Cleveland were the only ties she had; and when it was decided that Mary would enter the Cleveland novitiate, Sarah said, "And I am going to Toledo." So she gave all.

She was but fifteen years of age at the time—little more than a child; but unusual executive ability, magnetism, and intense spirituality were already manifesting themselves, and from the day of her admission she was the hope of the struggling little community in Toledo. When the Feast of the Immaculate Conception came Sarah begged Mother Alphonsus, her superior, to give her the "cap," the receiving of which meant entrance into the novitiate. "Well, child, go and ask the Bishop," Mother Alphonsus said at last.

To His Lordship Sarah went, and after a long wait in an anteroom her turn came, and she made her petition. The Bishop objected on the score of her youth and rather delicate health, and by the time he granted the coveted permission dusk had fallen and he had to send his housekeeper home with Sarah. On reaching the convent she ran to Mother Alphonsus with her good news, and was not in the least dismayed to learn that the Sisters had gone to bed. "Never mind, Mother; let them get up. I must be received tonight, while it is still the Feast of the Immaculate Conception." The nuns were more than willing to get up to see her receive the cap; and after Mother Alphonsus had given it to her and charged her with the accounts of the house Sarah went to bed too happy for sleep.

SO began fifty-seven years of religious life. In time Sarah Dunne received the habit and the name Mary Amadeus; two years later she made her vows. Happy were the days she spent in the class room. She enjoyed teaching and loved the children; and needless to say, she was loved in return. When the older nuns were troubled about the future of the house Mother Alphonsus would say cheerfully, "Don't worry. All I have to do is to stand Sister Amadeus on the street corner, and she will draw all the children of Toledo."

Sister Amadeus was only twenty-eight years of age when Mother Alphonsus died and she was chosen to fill the vacant place. Under her care both community and school prospered as they had never done before. It was in the early days of her superiorship that Mother Amadeus had an accident which made her a sufferer for the remainder of her long life. Early one morning a kindly old Sister gave her, as a dose of medicine, what proved to be corrosive sublimate. As soon as she swallowed it Mother Amadeus knew what had happened. "It is poison. Call the doctor and the priest," she said.

The doctor came quickly and gave an antidote; the priest's ministrations were not needed; but the pitilessly strong antidote had burned the lining of Mother's stomach and ever after she suffered from vomiting and sleeplessness.

At this time the Indians in Wyoming and Montana were giving the government much annoyance, and were greatly feared by their white neighbors. Missionaries, working beyond their strength, were unable to accomplish half the work that clamored to be done; so Bishop Blondel, first Bishop of Montana, wrote to his brother bishops east of the Mississippi begging for Sisters. Through the *Catholic Universe* Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland addressed an open letter to the religious of his diocese, asking for volunteers to evangelize the

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Cheyenne Indians of Montana. When this letter was read by the Ursulines of Toledo their zeal was thoroughly aroused, and thirty of them—Mother Amadeus among the number—sent in their names.

Bishop Gilmour went at once to Toledo and selected six of the thirty to go west. To Mother Amadeus he said, "I appoint you Superior General of all the houses you will found in Montana." "My Lord," she replied, "How are those houses to be supported?" "My child, God never sent a bird out into the forest without caring for it. How much more will He care for you." Thus everything was settled as to ways and means.

BISHOP GILMOUR wrote to Bishop Blondel, "I am sending you six Ursulines for a Christmas present; and Mother Amadeus, the flower of my flock, is at their head." This was late in 1883, when she was thirty-eight years of age. Henceforth she was to be a missionary, enduring cold and hunger and every discomfort, poor, overworked, "in journeyings often," crucified by ill health, and in later years by lameness, as well, but always gentle, always busy, always smiling. Little wonder that she was both greatly beloved and marvellously successful.

After a seventeen-day journey the nuns reached

Miles City on a bitterly cold January afternoon. Bishop Blondel had come from Helena to meet them, and he directed them to the only available shelter: a dirty boarding house. It is not pleasant to imagine such a place in a frontier town, fifty years ago. The supper brought to the Sisters was not only scanty, but so disgusting in appearance that they could not touch it. The one bed in their room was unfit for use, and they had to sit on the floor the whole night through, with their backs against the wall, while their cowboy fellow-lodgers noisily made merry in adjoining rooms.

The next day a four-room house was rented. The Ursulines in Toledo sent all the money, furniture, and provisions which they could possibly afford, but the nuns suffered greatly from cold during that first winter, and they were always hungry, until a day when Father Lindesmith chanced to meet a little girl as she ran down the main street of Miles City. He stopped her and inquired where she was going. "I am on my way to the butcher's to buy ten cents worth of liver for the nuns," she told him. The following Sunday Father Lindesmith preached on the text, "Ten cents worth of liver for the nuns;" and they went hungry no more.

A school was opened and prospered from the



MOTHER AMADEUS AND INDIAN GIRLS OF THE FIRST ALASKAN FOUNDATION

THE † SIGN



REV. E. W. J. LINDESMITH, U. S. ARMY

first; and when summer came Mother Amadeus made a second beginning in a newly organized mission in the Tongue River Reservation. The Indians of the district were entirely uncivilized and life, among them was so difficult that even the priests lost courage and went away; but Mother Amadeus held out, and it was not long before she won the good will of the chiefs, the love of all the children, and the confidence of their mothers. A school was opened, and little by little civilization filtered into the reservation, hand in hand with Christianity.

A mission put firmly on its feet never meant rest for Mother Amadeus, but only another difficult beginning, until she had founded twelve flourishing centres. Friends had come to her aid with the necessary funds, and novices had flocked to her standard. If the work was often hard on human nature its consolations were surpassingly great, and Mother Amadeus thrived on it, mentally and spiritually. Year by year her sympathies broadened, her zeal for souls became more ardent, her love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament more absorbing.

IN 1900 Leo XIII invited the Ursulines in every part of the world to send delegates to Rome for the purpose of organizing a central government for the order. Mother Amadeus went, taking with her, as companions, one of her nuns and a bright little Indian girl. At the meeting she was named Provincial Superior for the northern portion of the United States.

Shortly after her return to Montana Mother

Amadeus met with an accident which crippled her for life. She was going from one of her missions to another when the train on which she rode was struck by one traveling at full speed. Both engines were wrecked, three of the crew were killed, and many of the passengers injured. The nuns were not hurt in the crash, but Mother Amadeus rose to hurry forward and offer help, and as she did so a car was coupled to hers with a violent jolt that threw her backwards to the floor.

After telling two of her companions to continue the journey as soon as possible and to open the school on the appointed day, she was carried to a hospital where she lay for weeks in great pain. Although to the end of her life she could never again walk without a cane, Mother Amadeus was as active as she had ever been when she became able to move at all—as active and no less cheerful. She would laughingly call her cane, “my Cross,” but was careful that it never became a cross to others through any impatience on her part.

CRIPPLED, and growing old, Mother Amadeus would surely have been justified to content herself with holding what she had won for Christ; but her apostolic heart yearned over the neglected Eskimos; and knowing well the hardships of work in so severe a climate as that of Alaska, she sent three of her nuns to found a mission in the Yukon delta in 1905. Two years later, she herself went to Alaska and opened a second school at St. Michael's; and, not long afterward, at Bishop Crimont's request, a third at Valdez.

These new mission, very poor, and with the intense and unavoidable suffering from cold which they entail, became the darlings of her heart. She visited them whenever she could and stayed as long as possible. On a trip to St. Michael's, in 1918,—Mother Amadeus was past seventy at the time—she was thrown from her berth during a storm and severely injured. While still in bed, as the result of this accident, the convent was burned to the ground and the nuns saved nothing but their lives.

These repeated shocks hastened the end. Loving hands carried Mother Amadeus back to Seattle, where she lingered for a few months more, very, very happy because death was near. When the doctor came each morning she had little to say to him except that she was so happy. Bishops, priests, and sisters from every community in the city visited her, and twice our late Holy Father, Benedict XV, sent her his blessing. It was at eleven o'clock in the morning of November 10, 1919, that the end came. Flathead Indians were her pall bearers; and after the funeral Mass the tribe chanted the dirge for departed heroes of their race.

Homely Spirituals

No. I. *Questing Romance*

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.



HERE IS NOTHING MORE essentially romantic than a rag-doll. It is more than a mere puppet to its little mistress. Instinctively maternal, she beholds in it a fulfillment of romance, the object—or rather the person, for the doll is alive to her—of the outpouring of the mother-love that exists before children are born and persists after they are dead. Childhood is the truly romantic period of life.

At no time do we create so many dreams as then. It is the longest part of our life. The boy at fourteen who looks back over what we are pleased to call his infantile years seems to be looking back over eternity. At fifty looking back to fourteen is rather a short span compared with the vantage point of fourteen to view the thoughts of youth, "long, long thoughts" indeed. I used to think that was an original discovery until I came across Alice Meynell's poem—"Length of Days"—addressed to the early dead in battle:

There is no length of days
But yours, boys who were children once.
Of old
The Past beset you in your childish ways,
With sense of time untold!

No one has yet explained sufficiently the psychology of childhood. It is generally dismissed as a mere preparation for manhood or womanhood. All this it is, of course. But it is to rob a child of much of the glory of life to disabuse him of the conviction that his youth is something more than a preparatory school and is in truth a complete cycle in itself. It is there we first learn the ache for romance. By this we do not mean the urge of sentimental love. That plays little part in the life of the child. Calf-love he knows very little about. To the boy for instance, all that is such a perversion, such a ridiculous exception that he proceeds at once to make fun of it wherever he finds it.

Real romance is more than that silly thing to him. It is the romance of high adventure, the ride on wings to lands which his prosy geography has never discovered, the surge to deeds heroic which his workaday world his "preparatory" life takes no cognizance of. We used to be told it was a waste of time to indulge in such dreams, to

read the literature that produced them in us. A dime-novel of adventure was on every family Index. Perhaps that's why we read them. We might have read some of the more uplifting classics if they had come to us in that contraband way. I have not seen any of that kind of literature in years. Perhaps it is just as well.

I might have to acknowledge that my elders were right when they declared it was all trash. Again, perhaps it was trashy. I wonder, however, if it was any more trashy than many of the boys' books of today that set out avowedly determined to uplift even to the extent of keeping all romantic dreams away, though they may not succeed in keeping sleep away. At any rate, trash or no trash, I can't discover any harm they left behind them. They did, however, thrill to romance, and I believe that this pursuit of the romantic is one of the mightiest urges in us.

EVERY man is a potential hero. He is essentially Romeo or Rhadames or Lohengrin, or any other dramatic or operatic hero. It is a tribute to the power of the dramatist or the actor that the unknown quantity of the spectator identifies himself with the hero. He becomes participant in that romance; it is he himself there on the stage, that handsome leading-man, that golden-voiced tenor; or better still, that true Romeo or Rhadames or Lohengrin living in another world, the world of the heart, the world of mayhap thwarted love, of sacrifice and tears and death, but withal the world of golden dreams, of poetry and romance.

Therein is the secret of the eternal youth of the romantic classics. It is because we read ourselves into them. Personally we may not be much to look at, we may not be able to recite a line of poetry for our very life or carry two measures in tune, and we would die of mortification if discovered in doublet and hose climbing the vine-covered balcony; but it is because this finder of romance interprets to us our own aspirations, subconscious though they may be, sets for us the ideal to which we would attain, that we become, as it were, one with him and through him live the life, that high, golden, romantic life which we feel we have somehow been deprived of.

We belong back there in that Never-Never Land where men spoke in blank verse and had no

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worries apparently about butcher and baker and candle-stick maker. Never mind the naked truth that even in those days there was as much realism as at the present time, as much struggle, as much suffering. Granted that it was then as now a Never-Never Land, still is it to us the only true country that ever existed just because it was a Never-Never Land. It was then as now the unchanging land of dreams. Shucks for realism! We know enough about that, so much that we want a vacation from it. We all want to be Peter Ibbetsons, to escape from slavery into the inner castle of our dreams.

That is why—and it is a tribute to the essential winged nature of our soul—the realistic school of literature meets with speedy failure no matter how often it is revived. It is too true to life for life to want to have anything to do with it. So true to life that it is false to life. That is not as paradoxical as it seems. It is untrue to life because while it pretends to review life in detail it concerns itself only with a very little part of it.

To take the sordid in man, his lusts, his passions for evil, his ills of body and soul, his physical traits, may present what critics in reviewing such books assure us is a veritable "slice of life;" but it is only a slice. The author has a fine scalpel and knows how to use it, but scalpels play around a soul and never cut into it, no more than the swords could wound the ghost of Hamlet's father. Every man could write a horrible piece of realism.

WE need no litterateurs to tell us how putrid bodies and souls may become. "There but for the grace of God go I." Every heart knows how rotten it could be. To read the book of the knowledge of evil we need no teacher. It is a body to which we are tied as Paolo to Francesca. Lest that bond be made eternal in a Hell worse than Dante ever imagined we wisely seek to escape from it. That urge from rank realism is the romantic in us. It is the craving to lift our feet out of the mud so that we may discover that like Mercury we have wings even on our feet. For what else is the pursuit of the romantic but the pursuit of sanctity?

There never was a hero of pure romance like St. Augustine. He could teach realism quite as well as dialectics. He knew the sewer life quite as accurately as Zola knew it. His youth had never suspected the existence of the land of romance. He had been content with sensual love. But then God gave him wings, and Augustine, the learned, the realist, found another wisdom which made his former wisdom colossal ignorance. He went seeking romance and found it in the only

true realism. He put the wisdom and realism of the world just where it belongs when he made the mighty discovery—"We are made for Thee, O God, and our heart will never find rest until it rest in Thee."

It is so with the penitents of all ages from Magdalen to Huysmans. All were essentially non-romancers but romanticists. They had been stark realists who had known no philosophy but the physical. Man, they believed, belonged to earth. *Carpe diem*. Life was too short to waste any of it in dreams. But one day by the grace of God the impulse to the romantic possessed their souls. They saw what potential heroes they were. They sought the life that alone could satisfy that romantic longing. They found at last the land of romance and knew that it was not the Never-Never Land but the Ever-Ever Land.

I THINK that if we studied it out we would make the same discovery—that our search for romance is fundamentally the urge to God. It is the pull away from the life that at its best has no power to bring full satisfaction. "Ye are not of the world." And the greatest curse that can befall a man is that he should identify himself with a material world that cannot escape destruction. Of the earth, earthy, meets the fate of the earth. But if I seek to dwell in a spiritual world, if I find therein my land of romance, I will at least, poor enough hero though I may turn out to be, have what Emily Dickinson calls, the "transport of the aim." And having that I will find eventually that the pursuit of the romantic has brought me to the Real.

Reversal

By J. CORSON MILLER

When we are children, and our eyes are brave
From looking on life's wonders at our play;
We see quite near—as mountains men may climb—
The heights of fame that we shall know some day.
We laugh and talk, as children do, and dream
Of golden suns, and smiles, to light our way.

But when, alas, we reach manhood's estate,
Those mountains that were once beside our door,
Have moved afar (or did *we* move) and now
We think that mountain-climbing is a bore,—
'Tis well for dreamers; suns may rise and set,
Each day begins and ends, and nothing more.

Our eyes have lost the trace of shining heights,
We must look down as weary footsteps plod;
And, busy with the ways of men, we lose
The way that leads to beauty and to God.

Lay Apostles

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for July, 1925)



HE Congregation of Discalced Clerks of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ was founded in 1720 by St. Paul of the Cross. Beside the ordinary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, taken by all religious, the Passionists are bound by a fourth vow to promote devotion to the Passion of our Divine Savior.

As a means of spreading this devotion among people in the world, St. Paul of the Cross established the Confraternity of the Most Holy Cross and Passion. This society was formally approved by His Holiness Pope Pius IX on September 22, 1861, who authorized the Superior General of the Passionist Congregation to establish branches throughout the world, and granted the members a participation in all the indulgences and other spiritual favors enjoyed by the Passionist Religious. His Holiness, Benedict XV, on February 25, 1918, raised the Confraternity to the dignity of an Archconfraternity, and granted to it all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other Archconfraternities.

Pope Benedict XIV once said that the Passionists should have been the first religious congregation in the Church, instead of being the last. And just as truly might it be said that the Archconfraternity of the Passion should have been the first Confraternity in the Church. Yet, there was no real need for such a religious order or confraternity of lay people in the first days of the Church. All the early Christians were themselves real Passionists. All their faith and love and devotion centered in Christ Crucified, the truth of this being summed up in that great outcry of the first St. Paul, "I know nothing save Christ and Him Crucified."

Today, however, and here in our own country, as we have noted in past articles in *THE SIGN*, there is a very special and crying need for such a religious body of men as the Passionists, and for

such a confraternity of lay-people as that of the Sacred Passion.

One hundred million souls about us are drifting further and further away from Christ Crucified. Sixty millions of these do not even go to church. Forty millions who go to church, find in these churches which profess to follow Christ Crucified, not a single representation of the Crucified Figure.

TO those who think at all about our Lord's Passion this condition of affairs is indeed deplorable — tragic. Christ suffered for these souls just as though each one were the only one in the world. His cry on the Cross, "I thirst," was for these souls. With that cry ringing in your ears, can you be indifferent to the fate of those about you? That cry is the reason why our Passionist priests have given up all to go to China. That cry makes the Passionist spend Himself on the missions at home. And it is that cry which we hope will make our members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion hunters of souls.

The Passionist religious first learns to set His own heart on fire with love for Christ Crucified. Then he tries to fire the hearts of others with that same love and thus to bring them to the feet of Christ.

As lay Passionists you can do work that we religious cannot do. You can come into close touch with thousands not of our faith, who would not think of approaching us. Many are simply waiting for an encouraging word, an invitation, for example, to attend some church service, to hear a sermon, to read some good book to meet some priest. Are you willing to try to attract at least one of these poor souls into the Church, to Christ Crucified? If not, you are not a real member of the Archconfraternity, you are not a true Passionist.

The members of the Archconfraternity are asked to pray during July that God may send us Lay Apostles.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS** and **GOOD WORKS** for the conversion of China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to *THE SIGN*, Union City, N. J.

The Athlete of Christ

No. V in *St. Paul and The Sacred Passion*

By FRANCIS SHEA, C. P.



HE mind of St. Paul was so constituted that he could not rest satisfied with vague generalities. He was not one to run as to an uncertainty, nor to fight as one beating the air. The mark that he aimed at, the prize that he sought after must be as clearly set forth as the prize at the Olympic games which was placed in full view of the contestants. If then he devoted his great mind to the study of the Passion of Christ and if he gave his body and soul to share in the sufferings of His Master, it was all to the end that he might "press towards the mark, to the prize of the supernal vocation of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3/14). Sanctity was his goal and he sought it with all the consuming energy and directness of his lofty soul. He sought it in both contemplation and action,—in contemplation of the Crucified and in fellowship with His sufferings, for with the Wise Man he realized that this "Wisdom is an infinite treasure to men, which they that use become the friends of God." (Wis. 7/14). "For the beginning of her is the most true desire of discipline. And the care of discipline is love and love is the keeping of her laws: and the keeping of her laws is the firm foundation of incorruption, and incorruption bringeth near to God." (Wis. 6/18-21).

And yet with the characteristic directness, he rested in neither contemplation nor action as the realization of his heart's desire. In his eyes all supernatural gifts and spiritual attainments faded into insignificance when compared to Love, for Love alone is "the bond of perfection," "the end of the commandment" and "the fulfilling of the law." Critics consider as the most beautiful of his writings that in which he so clearly and forcibly expresses his view of Knowledge, Action, and Love. "If I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy and should know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. . . . Charity

never falleth away: whether prophecies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease, or knowledge shall be destroyed." (I Cor. 13/1-3. . . 8).

Consequently, with singleness of purpose and whole-hearted intensity he sought to become "rooted and founded in charity." That he attained to that blessed state of union with Christ by charity, we have his own words as testimony. "With Christ I am nailed to the cross: it is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me. So far as I live now in the flesh, I live in the faith of the Son of God Who loved me and delivered Himself for me." (Gal. 2/19-20)—West. Ver. It is this love of Jesus Crucified that alone explains the transformation of his character and the heights of sanctity to which he attained.

It was this love that became the rule of his life and the motive of all his actions. "For the charity of Christ presseth us: judging this. . . . that Christ died for all; that they also who live may not now live unto themselves but unto Him who died for them." (2 Cor. 5/14-15). It was this love of Jesus Crucified that made him go so far as to seek to be identified with Jesus in His sufferings. "I fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in my flesh for His body which is the Church." (Col. 1/24). Indeed, so great was the love that burned in his heart, so closely was he united to Jesus Crucified in thought and affection that he felt nothing could ever separate him from his love. "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? . . . In all these things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. 8/35-39).

In view of all this, how fitting that on his tomb in Rome should be inscribed, not one of his sublime utterances that would require learned commentaries to express, but rather the simple words: "To me, to live is Christ, (Phil. 1/21) Christ is my life"—words that sufficiently explain why he rests in an honored tomb and is numbered among the Saints.

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

GREET THE A. P. P. P. A.

The fact that the pious Mr. Anderson was found guilty of fraud and has only recently left Sing Sing is no reason why he should not start a new 100% American, Protestant, Anti-Catholic organization. It will prosper for a time. In this land of popular education there are so many poor dubs that the organization will not lack a large and enthusiastic membership. Says the *New York Evening Journal*:

William H. Anderson, once head of the Anti-Saloon League, recently a resident in the penitentiary through a misunderstanding with the courts, will soon be released from his parole and announces an organization to do Ku Klux Klan and "A. P. A." work with REAL thoroughness. At least, such is the general impression.

The A. P. A., an anti-Catholic organization, has been quiet of late. The Klan you know.

Mr. Anderson's new secret order will be the "A. P. P. P. A."

Those gruesome letters mean "The American Prohibition Protestant Patriotic Protective Alliance."

The alliance will avoid the mistakes of the A. P. A., says Mr. Anderson, and the "crudities which have transmogrified the K. K. K. into a commission basis membership selling organization."

If you are a natural "joiner," there is a new chance.

The Klan says nothing yet to Mr. Anderson, but wants to know whether President Coolidge will or will NOT officially review the great Klan procession planned for Washington soon.

Because the President reviewed the parade of the Holy Name Society, the great Roman Catholic organization, recently, the K. K. K. says he OUGHT to review the Klan.

The President, however, will not be in Washington on the day of the K. K. K. parade, which automatically settles that.

How rapidly can you say A. P. P. P. A.? How long do you think it will last? What motto and what regalia would you suggest for it?

GONE WRONG

Mr. McGinnis has the pious strain of the great McGinnis clan, but we think something has gone wrong with him or his immediate ancestors; otherwise he would not have written this letter to the *Chicago Tribune*:

If the Secretary of Agriculture will grip the fact that God controls our agriculture it would not be such a matter of constant concern to the department. Why is the boll weevil and other pests and frosts, hail, rust, smut, and blight destroying our crops? The answer is we are drifting away from God. A church in the South devoted 500 acres to cotton and prayed God to protect it. While fields all around were devastated by the boll weevil, not a stem of the

church field was injured. Let congress appoint a commission (not of politicians but men who know God and the Bible) to lead the nation back to the divine law and the divine authority; then the agricultural question shall be settled, for the earth shall yield her productions in overwhelming abundance to a God fearing and law abiding people.

GEO. MCGINNIS.

AMERICANISM

According to the *Indianapolis News*, this lesson in real Americanism is being taught by the Hon. C. J. Travis of the Indiana Supreme Court:

Young people, do not be led astray by the theory of voting for the man and not for the party. Vote the straight Republican ticket regardless of the qualifications of the candidate for office. If your parents told you, and you knew it to be true, that the mail carrier who delivers letters at your door was an immoral man, would that prevent you from accepting a letter from him? The same proposition holds in politics. Even though you know a man to be incompetent, even though you know him to be immoral, vote for him because he represents the Republican ticket.

LIMITED SERVICE

Pity the poor Catholic, Jews, Turks, etc. An ad in the West Chester, Pa., *Daily Local News*:

MILK from a Holstein cow; Protestants only. Reba Marie Jacobs, New Centreville.

PAGE THE GENERAL

There's still work for General Butler in Philadelphia as long as J. S. Hebron practices his arts there. From a pamphlet by this distinguished fakir:

If your life or business has been a failure, call and see Professor J. S. Hebron, an ordained Elder and a man of God. Inspired with psychological insight, I will widen the doors of prosperity, peace, health and happiness. I remove all kinds of evil influences, spells, pains and swellings. Reunite the separated husbands and wives, lovers and sweethearts, bring on happy, speedy marriages. Give advice in law suits, hidden treasures, restoration of health, lost vitality, positions. Being well versed in transcendent mystics, psychology, teleogy, occult science and theosophy. Can be consulted on all affairs in life. Matt. 28:18, John 10:30. Jesus said "these signs shall follow them that believe." Mark 16:17, 18; Luke 21:33; John 14:12. Just as easy to be happy as it is to be unhappy. See the Professor, one of the world's greatest transcendent mascot makers of all ages. Prices \$10, \$15, \$25, \$75 and upward. Twenty thousand lucky mascots for sale. I Tim. 5:8. High grade lodestones, eaglestones, Babylonian talismans, Eve and Adam roots, amulets, Hindu philters. Eccl. 3:1, Eccl. 9:11-12. All affairs strictly confidential; also guaranteed or one-third of money returned. Appointments made by phone.

THE † SIGN

THE WISE MRS. ARMOUR

In the enlightened state of Georgia lives one, Mrs. Mary Harris Armour to whom the *Georgia Cracker* credits these wise sayings:

The Volstead Act is a part of God's plan.

Prayer is a greater force than electricity.

When the Bible speaks favorably of wine, it means unfermented wine. When it speaks unfavorably of wine, it means fermented wine.

FIXING THE BLAME

Many saintly politicians particularly down South have an unholy fashion of bringing God into their campaigns. Says the Hon. Thomas Lycurgus Walker, candidate for Mayor of Houston, Texas:

For 18 months something had been tugging at my heart. I could feel it pulling me. I can't explain it to you, but it was tugging, tugging, day and night. I knew what it was.

Then, thirteen months ago, an old Negro came to my shop. He said: "Mr. Walker, the Good Lord is going to call you to a great mission. He wants you for a great service to these people."

I got down on my knees and prayed that night, just as I pray every night of my life. I asked for divine guidance. And the Lord answered me, just as he does all his righteous children who call on him. I was not called to run by the politicians, but by Divine Power.

A GOVERNOR'S ESTIMATE

School commissioners, aldermen and other officials upon whom it may depend to allow periods out of school time for religious instruction may be influenced by an observation of Governor Fuller of Massachusetts:

I think there ought to be a great work done in our Sunday Schools. I always warm to the subject of Sunday Schools because in politics I run into hardened types that make you feel if only they had been caught young and impressed with the great truths they would have been different men.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Francis Scott Key was a Catholic. But that makes no difference to the historian of the *Sunday School Executive* published at Elgin, Ill.:

It may not be a matter of general information that Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," was a warm friend of the Sunday-school and that for a number of years he was teacher of a class of young men in the Sunday-school of St. John's Episcopal Church in Georgetown.

MANNERS!

A new cause for divorce has arisen in the progressive city of Spokane, Washington:

Because at breakfast her husband milked milk from the goat's udder directly into his coffee, the wife is suing for divorce. She insists that neither she nor any other person of refinement can stand such table manners.

WHERE THE LIGHT SHINES

If Miss Mulheron's declaration, as reported by the *Portland Oregonian* is true, one will not have much difficulty in explaining the origin of the anti-parochial school bill in that foreign province of Ku Kluxia:

Miss Anne M. Mulheron librarian of the city.... declared that the readers of the best books in Portland were those incarcerated in the county jail.

CONSOLATION

In the midst of the vacation season the Montclair, N. J., *Times* carries this consoling ad to encourage a care-free spirit:

BEFORE VACATION TIME.

Arrange for your monument now. When you return in the fall it will be ready for the planting of grass and shrubbery.

THE DAVIS GRANITE CO.
HEADQUARTERS
FOR MONUMENTS

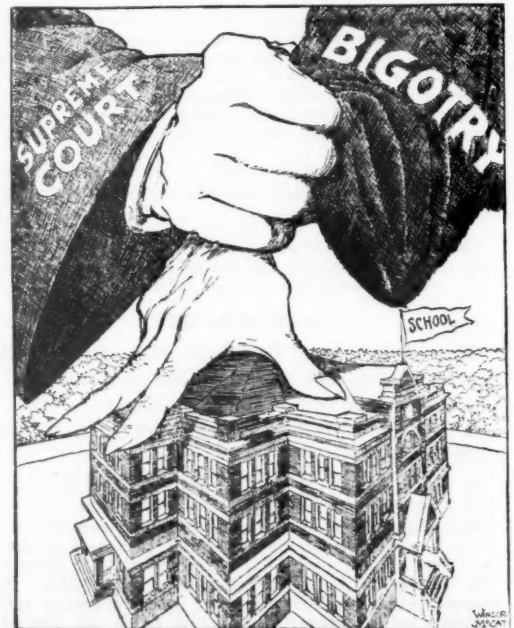
Opposite Post Office

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

Send for Illustrated Booklet

"HANDS OFF!"

The New York *Herald-Tribune* of June 6, published this graphic interpretation of the recent discussion by the Supreme Court's declaring the anti-parochial school bill of Oregon unconstitutional.



Three That Bear Witness

A Story of Lourdes

By ENID DINNIS



PATSY Egan stood on the centre patch of the dispensary carpet under the scrutineering eye of the "local-demon" and manfully resisted a totally untrustworthy instinct to hang his head.

The *local demon*—you would hardly expect slum patients to get hold of a Latin term like "*locum tenens*"—was a young man with a keen, intellectual face, puckered up, at the present moment, into an expression of puzzlement. He questioned Patsy's mother with severity. "And you mean to tell me that you left this child's leg-iron as well as his crutches behind! What sheer madness. He is sure to need them again. This can't be a cure."

Patsy lifted his head at this proclamation of dogma and planted his left foot yet more firmly on the ground. It was still a shade shorter than the right one, but had been an inch-and-a-half shorter when, before starting on the Pilgrimage to Lourdes the doctor who was taking Dr. Briant's place had given a certificate stating that the patient was suffering from hip disease. The *locum tenens* was a brilliant young modernist with quite a bewildering number of letters after his name. His present job was simply a quest after experience. Harley Street, London, would be his normal setting. His reception of the announcement that his patient was going to Lourdes with the big pilgrimage organized by the local Catholics had not been of a character to ingratiate him with Patsy's mother who came from the west of Ireland, where more things happen than Harley Street dreams of. She would gladly enough have kept away now, although it would have meant foregoing the gratification of showing the doctor that he had been too clever, but in the case of our Lady's miracles, as with the miracles of old, the person cured is instructed to show himself to the priests, that is, to the doctors, for Our Lady of Lourdes by no means ignores the physician and surgeon; she regards them as her valued auxiliaries, whatever they may think of her. So Patsy's mother took him round to Dr. Briant's dispensary and showed the local-demon the result of his patient's visits to the piscines at Lourdes.

It should have been an interesting experience for the scientific mind. Abnormal cases are an asset

to any intelligent scientist seeking to add to his knowledge, but the local-demon, *locum tenens*, I mean, through a defect in his education, found himself unable to take this particular case scientifically. He stared at the uncrutched Patsy, standing with both feet on the ground, and listened with evident disapprobation to the story of how both the surgical boot and the crutches had been left behind to decorate the Grotto of Our Lady.

IT was this last touch to the story of superstition and religious quackery that raised the doctor's ire. His impugned medical science (Harley Street, *qua* Harley Street, is a very cramped enclosure after all) had found refuge in the thought of recurrence—hallucination, suggestion, can only produce temporary phenomena. Yet the local-demon was not really a demon; on the contrary he was a particularly kind-hearted man with a special soft spot for juvenile sufferers; but there were many letters after his name, and the knowledge they implied was sacrosanct, and this incident was an outrage on the premise upon which his investigations were based. He examined Patsy, shrugged his shoulders, and told the mother to bring him again next week, and keep the foot up meanwhile.

Patsy, at this juncture, stamped the foot in question down on the ground evidently, as he had done for the benefit of the pilgrims at Lourdes and the people belonging to the church of the Sacred Heart at home, but the local-demon had no use for solid earth as a foundation for an argument; he was immersed in his mind in a theory of psycho-something or other, and dismissed Patsy Egan, as one might say, without his blessing, and went in search of books on that abstruse subject.

The local pilgrimage to Lourdes had been the young practitioner's first actual association with the "pathological phenomenon" to which many doctors have given consideration, and in doing which many have found their efforts well rewarded whilst pathology passed by on the other side. The Lourdes pilgrimage had been the talk of the neighborhood. It had been organized by the priests of the slum church of the Sacred Heart, and rumors said that the whole thing had been owing to Patsy Egan's bed-ridden grandmother who had been to Lourdes many years before and never forgotten it. After twenty years or more, Granny Egan could still talk

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of nothing but Lourdes, and Father Kelly had taken the infection from her, and so the pilgrimage had come about. On the Sunday following the pilgrims' return there had been an out-door procession round the Catholic Church and the Lourdes hymn had been sung—"Ave, Ave, Ave!"—The "endless Ave" of Lourdes had rung out over the house-tops, an echo of the vocal canon-fire at the Pyrenean shrine. The statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, which is being interpreted, Our Lady of the-place-I-happen-to-live-in," had been carried forth and the intrigued doctor had caught sight of Patsy Egan tramping in its immediate rear in a green suit knitted by the Grandmother who had been at the bottom of the whole preposterous thing, for all that she lay bed-ridden with a worn-out heart that the Lourdes treatment apparently had failed to renew.

THE local-demon had obtained most of this information from old Michael Barnbuckle, the proprietor of the chandler's shop round the corner. Mr. Michael had told him all about the pilgrimage before it started, on the occasion when he attended the shop boy after the latter had acted as umpire in a dog-fight. The *locum-tenens* and the grocer had waxed friendly, and the former had discovered that the real old-fashioned bull's-eye, the new fangled kind which you buy in shops on the Broadway are no good to a person with the bull's-eye habit—could be obtained at the corner shop. The local-demon had the bull's-eye habit, and he frequently indulged it. That was how it came about that soon after Patsy Egan had been trotted out for the doctor's inspection the latter found his way round to the all-sorts shop in quest of the above-named commodity. "I suppose you are all congratulating yourselves on a miracle up at your church," the demon said, walking into the subject with aggressive directness. The white-haired, rosy-cheeked old gentleman on the other side of the counter looked decidedly gratified. He pulled himself up, somewhat in the manner of Patsy Egan secure of his double footing.

"Ah, to be sure we are," he said. "You mean John Robertson's brother. He has come back to the Faith. Wonderful it was, he went to scoff, you know—and to help John along as he was too weak to go alone—bad consumptive case, poor John's." He shook the jar and the bull's eyes danced in frenzied disunion. "Harry was always a good sort, only he married a pagan. Lourdes has given him back his faith, he has been to confession and received the Sacrament—after twenty years. Wonderful place—Lourdes."

"But John Robertson wasn't cured, was he?"

"The doctor was intrigued; he had not heard of this other miracle."

"John? No, he's worse; the journey upset him, poor fellow. You see," Mr. Michael said, removing a bull's-eye from the overweighted scale, "there aren't a great number of bodily miracles worked at Lourdes, most of the miracles are spiritual."

"I thought that you were alluding to the kiddie with hip disease," the doctor explained; "that was the 'miracle' I meant."

"Oh, now you mustn't call that a miracle," Mr. Michael said, warningly, "it's only what is known as an amelioration, and we've got to wait and see how it goes on. Kiddies sometimes play up, as the saying is, bless them!" He replaced the bull's-eye and watched the scale attentively. "It's the fact that John wasn't cured that makes the brother's conversion—beyond the laws of nature," he observed. "Lourdes is a wonderful place and it's not the things which come under medical observation which make it so wonderful." The other debated the challenge in his mind whilst the grocer blew into a paper bag preparatory to filling it from the scale. Then he took up the argument, according to his limitations.

"But a spiritual miracle, as you call it," said he, "is only a form of emotionalism. I suppose everyone was praying as well as drinking water—?"

"Yes," Mr. Michael said, "praying and suffering. There are three that bear witness at Lourdes;—the spirit, the water and the blood. That's to say, prayer and suffering as well as the outward and visible channel. When a body is healed there is faith somewhere, but not necessarily in the person healed, and there is suffering somewhere when a soul is healed. The very prayer at Lourdes is a species of suffering, I'm told. It's a toilsome business—'hard labor,' I've heard a pilgrimage called."

"That all makes for subjectivity," retorted the man with the letters after his name. He was out in hot defense of the Harley Street enclosure, as though the existence of the supernatural cast a reflection on the marvels worked by Providence in that normal sphere of action.

MR. MICHAEL handed him the packet of bull's-eyes. "There's a little book by a medical man called 'Twenty Cures at Lourdes,' he commented, "that you might like to read. I should be happy to lend it to you."

The doctor pushed away the invisible object with his hands. "Thanks, but I really have no time," he said; "and for matter of that, I would rather

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read the Pyrenean fairy tale in the vernacular, if I read it at all."

"Ah, but 'The Glories of Lourdes' isn't food for babes," was the reply. 'Twenty Cures' is the right thing for beginners, if you will excuse me for putting it from Our Lady's point of view."

THE medical man shook his head. "I'm past praying for," he said, and I don't think you will get me to submit to an application of Lourdes water."

"That *would* be a miracle!" Mr. Michael said, smiling. "Good day to you, sir."

But the luckless *locum-tenens* had not done with the Lourdes nuisance. At the street corner he happened to charge into James Mobsby, another of his youthful patients, the slum produced many such specimens, and just managed to save from disaster a large bottle of colorless fluid which the boy was hugging. The doctor caught the bottle just as it was slipping to destruction.

"What's this?" he enquired. "Are you off to catch tadpoles?" He had gained some idea of the sports and pastimes of the youth of the neighborhood—the 'demon' was really fond of young folk, for all that he had been so disquieted at Patsy Egan's restoration to health.

"No," James replied. He had a slow, accurate way with him that made for truthfulness, or perhaps was born of it. He had been called 'truthful James' in his time. "It's medicine for my legs; I've got the rickets"—this was said with a touch of pride which might have applied either to the possession of medicine or the complaint.

"Lime water?" queried the medical man.

"No, *Lourdes* water," James replied, correctively. Patsy Egan's Granny sent it to me. "It cured Patsy, you know." He tucked the bottle under his arm and relapsed into whistling the prevailing street melody—the Ave which had been projected on the public consciousness by the fanatics who now appeared to be precipitating another nuisance on the neighborhood, a dangerous one this time.

"Go on," the *locum-tenens* said. "You aren't a Catholic are you?" He had recognized James as belonging to a respectable family of Scottish extraction.

"No," James answered, "but I know Granny Egan and she sent me the water."

The doctor suddenly became seriously angry. "Fancy you, a sensible British boy believing in stuff and nonsense like that," he cried. "You don't mean to tell me that you are going to use it?"

James hugged his bottle. "It cured Patsy Egan," he repeated, stating the obstructive fact which impeded the same arguments of the man whose

ability to judge was witnessed to by at least five groups of capital letters.

THE doctor stood and surveyed the emaciated and knock-kneed figure before him. It was preposterous that this ridiculous form of quackery should be permitted amongst an enlightened population in industrial England. It might be good enough for the west of Ireland. He made up his mind quickly. "Come along with me," said the local-demon, "and I'll give you a bottle of tonic instead of that ridiculous stuff. Real proper physic, like you get at the hospital, eh?"

This last was a flush of genius. James was visibly impressed. He had been to the hospital many times. He had a deep rooted respect for the mixture predestined to do a power of good. Moreover, he realized that a bottle of real doctor's stuff would be a trophy to carry home, against which Granny Egan's remedy would stand small chance in the enlightened Presbyterian household to which he belonged. He thought the offer over for a minute, then he succumbed.

"All right," said truthful James, "I don't mind." And the local-demon, filled with the most undiabolical beneficence, led him in triumph to his dispensary.

When the doctor returned with a large bottle of rich, full-colored mixture in his hands James eyed it, greedily. Then he took another look at the bottle in his own hands, and hesitated.

"Well?" the other said, "You aren't still imagining that there is any good in that stuff, are you?"

"No," James said, "I was thinking of Patsy's Granny. Have you ever seen Granny Egan? She said she would pray for me when she gave me the water. She's always ill, and she's always praying, and she's got a big can of Lourdes water." Then sudden thought struck James. He had inherited the sterling qualities of a race immune from Granny Egan's frailties.

"Mayn't I have both?" he enquired.

The *locum-tenens* laughed. "No, indeed," he said, "we are going to swop—that is the understanding. Give me the water and I'll put it down the sink-pipe."

James still demurred. "Granny Egan's praying," he said. The implication was plain. Granny Egan's prayers could not be poured down the sink pipe.

At that moment the butcher's boy passed the window, he was whistling the "endless Ave." "It's all a beastly superstition," the doctor said, with vigor that rather frightened James. "Now, be off home and take your physic."

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THE business side of James Mobsby was well satisfied with his bargain. He had no personal devotion to Lourdes water, save in its association with Granny Egan. Patsy, once his comrade in affliction, had taken him in to see his Granny. She lay in bed upstairs. A little white-haired old lady, nearly stone deaf, with large blue eyes like a child's, and a blue rosary that exactly matched them. She had a bad heart and might die any moment, and she spent her time saying prayers, chiefly the prayers she had heard at Lourdes, years before. It was then that she had given the bottle of healing water to Patsy's companion, and James had accepted it chiefly on account of the giver. He had never seen anyone who smiled quite so entrancingly as Patsy Egan's Granny. The association with Granny Egan presented another aspect of the case from which the unbusiness side of James recoiled. It was brought home to him through an encounter with a young person in a blameless pinafore, with tightly plaited hair, called Doris, who lived next door to the Egan's. To Doris James confided the story of his deal with the doctor, the bottle in his hand having attracted the notice of the owner of the tidy pinafore and smooth head.

"Oh, but I say," the tidy little lady said—she had marked with envy the treacly appearance of the mixture, and her soul loved malted cod-liver oil—"Won't Granny Egan take on when she hears that you haven't taken the water she gave you?"

"I shalln't tell her," James said. "She won't find out." He made an unconscious movement of hiding the rich-colored fluid under his coat, as though Granny might be looking.

"She'll ask you, and you'll have to tell her," was the prompt rejoinder, "or else you'll have to tell an untruth. My teacher says it's wicked to tell untruths."

James was as disturbed in mind as the other could possibly have wished. He lapsed into a pensive mood, and went on his way slowly. Doris, for her part, went back and straightway transmitted to Patsy Egan the information received, and the doctor's action became a theme for conversation in the Egan family circle.

When Mr. Egan, a burley plumber whose avocation had somewhat deadened his imagination, went up to see his mother after dinner, as was his wont, he thought to interest her by imparting the information as to the fate of the Lourdes water given to James Mobsby for his legs.

Granny Egan lay there, fingering her rosary and smiling out at the particular vision that her memory had conjured up.

"The doctor's took the Lourdes water that you gave young James Mobsby," her son shouted. "He wasn't half down on him."

Granny Egan looked up, considered the communication, which had successfully penetrated her deaf ears, and then smiled and answered:—"Ah, now, but it was kind of James to give it to him if he needed it. I'll pray that it does him good. What might be the matter with the doctor?"

Mr. Egan was excusably amused.

"He aint taken it himself," he explained. "Not likely—he don't believe in them sort of things; he's the local what's-a-name from London, with strings of letters after his name. Dozens of 'em."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said Granny Egan. "Dozens of them did you say? In the old days they might have reduced them with iodine, but now it's all the knife. I'm glad little James gave him the Lourdes water."

"No, Mother," Mr. Egan shouted, when he had finished his guffaw of merriment. "It's not lumps; I said letters—diplomas—"

"Ah, poor fellow," Granny Egan answered, "That's a new name they have given them. I haven't quite caught it right—sounds to me like 'diplomas'."

Mr. Egan tried again.

"The doctor hasn't used the water," he declaimed, "and he don't mean to. He—don't—mean—to!"

Granny heard this time. "I'll ask Our Lady to see to that," she responded gently.

"He'll take it right enough, poor gentleman. Just bathe the bad place—"

Mr. Egan pulled himself together and roared:—"There ain't a bad place. I'm telling yer. He's one of these fellers with brains that reasons about things. He's got any amount of them!"

"Never mind, Our Lady will cure them," said Granny Egan calmly, "Did you say that it was his reason as well? I'll pray for him, poor gentleman, especially for his reason."

Mr. Egan grimaced to himself and left it at that. He went off to his work wearing a wide smile, and Granny Egan picked up her blue beads and gave herself tranquilly to prayer.

HAVING dismissed James with his bottle of good doctor's stuff—a mixture, by the way, with which Our Lady of Lourdes would have had no quarrel, although it is true that "Our Lady of the Dispensaries" seldom appears visibly to her henchman—the deputy practitioner returned to his consulting room carrying the confiscated bottle in his hands. He drew out the cork and poured the contents away into the hand-basin where he rinsed

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his fingers—the usual arrangement found in a doctor's room. That was that; but the aggravating subject had got itself fixed in his mind. As he sat waiting for patients a letter to a medical journal, or to the local paper on the subject of this gross encouragement given to quackery suggested itself to the *locum-tenens*. He went to the length of starting a composition the fascination of which grew on him as it went on. The local-demon worked himself into quite a fine fury over it. It was really a pity that he was not a real demon with a tail to lash. He was in the thrall of his inspiration when there came an interruption.

"Please, sir, there is a little boy who says you have given him the wrong medicine," the servant announced.

It was past the hour for seeing patients. There had already been interruptions, and the man of letters had acquired a splitting head-ache in the course of his task, which had elaborated itself into an article on the ethical aspect of 'miraculous' shrines and their supposed cures. He turned round irritably. The wrong medicine, however, suggested possible unpleasantness. He had better see to the matter. He threw down his pen and strode forth into the outer apartment. In front of him stood James Mobsby. He was hugging the bottle of mixture which the doctor had given him a short time ago.

"Well?"

James pulled himself together at the peremptory tone. He lifted his eyes—very honest, straight-gazing eyes they were—to the severe countenance of the man who had been disturbed, and came to the point with commendable brevity:

"Please," he said, holding out the bottle, "will you take this back and give me my own bottle again?"

"Why?"

The other thundered out the query. This was simply maddening. The girl had got hold of the message wrong.

James explained why.

"Because Granny Egan gave it to me, and she's praying."

"My—!" exclaimed the doctor; and he entered therewith upon a diatribe about superstition and stuff-and-nonsense that I need not reproduce here. His hearer stood to attention—he may have listened. He watched the outward evidences of righteous indignation in the other, and slowly the tears gathered in his eyes.

THE local-demon pulled up. He was a wonderfully soft-hearted demon, all said and done.

"What are you crying for?" he asked. "You silly kid—, you!" His tone was not in the least demoniacal.

Then James wept outright. Granny Egan would ask him about it, and he would have to tell her what he had done. Whilst he addressed his humble prayer to the man of science to restore his property the latter regarded the tear-stained face, and made note of the fact that the simple mode of escape—that of telling Granny Egan a taradiddle—didn't seem to have occurred to the victim of the complication. His heart melted within him. His own principles were involved but—hang it! he couldn't be a brute to the poor little kiddie and such an honest little beggar too!

"Stop a bit," said the *locum-tenens*, "I'll see about it." He went back to his consulting room. What the dickens had he done with the bottle? Then he caught sight of it—empty. Of course; he had poured the water down the waste-pipe. That ended the matter. But the kiddie would be awfully upset. He thought a moment. Then he caught sight of the carafe of drinking water on the table. He paused, snapped his fingers, and proceeded to refill the bottle. That was a simple and obvious solution of the difficulty. His smile broadened as he told himself that if miraculous results were obtained, James' cure would be an interesting case of healing by suggestion. Really he was making quite a valuable experiment.

James' eyes brightened as he saw the bottle in the doctor's hands. He took it, examined it, and hesitated.

"Come now, that's your bottle," said the doctor, with emphasis occasioned by the fact that James' bottle it certainly was.

"Ye-es," the latter replied, slowly. "I wasn't quite sure. It seemed different at first."

"Well, suppose you come back for the other mixture when you have done using this," the doctor said. He had thought of letting the boy have both, but he remembered in time that the effects of the tonic might go to the credit of Granny Egan's remedy, and that would never do. In the interests of truth it might involve his proclaiming the trick he had played on James.

SOMEHOW that very permissible trick seemed to lose its flavor as the perpetrator sat thinking it over. He tried to get back to his work, but his head was aching—a wet towel might afford relief? The doctor favored the old-fashioned application of a wet towel resorted to in his student days. He strode over to the corner and seized the hand-towel and laid his hand on the tap over the basin; then removed it, noticing that there was clean water

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in the basin already. He dipped the towel in, and adjusted the cold water bandage and went back to his task—he had been switched off at the words “simple folk imposed upon.” What the dickens was the context? . . . A few minutes later he threw down his pen with the reflection, “after all, its rather stupid to be doing a thing like this without any reference books. Of all his recent reflections it was perhaps the most worthy of his scientific reputation.

IT was the very next morning that Mr. Michael Barnbuckle, of the corner shop, was duly surprised to receive another visit from the temporary doctor. He had taken down the bull's-eye jar, with intelligent anticipation—the habit of a tradesman who knows his job—when the customer indicated that this was not his present requirement. The doctor stood aside and indicated that a second customer should be served first. When the latter had been disposed of, he stated his business with some bashfulness. And no wonder! “I was going to ask you,” said the doctor, and his tones were decidedly embarrassed—“if by any chance you had some Lourdes water by you?”

The man behind the counter was elaborately taken back. “Lourdes water?” he repeated. “Well, this *is* called an all-sorts shop but it has its limits! Did you think that I kept it in syphons and allowed so much on the empties?”

“I thought that perhaps you might have private store,” the other replied, in tones of such meekness that the grocer relented.

“A tradesman doesn't like to be asked for something he doesn't stock,” he said, turning the joke deftly onto himself; “but as a matter of fact I have got some Lourdes water by me; but Lourdes water has been analyzed already by experts, you know?”

“I know,” the doctor said. “I'm not going to analyse it, I want it for a kiddie I've played a trick on.” And therewith he proceeded to recount the whole story with quite engaging frankness. “I know that it's all stupid fancy on my part,” he ended, but I would rather the kiddie had the real thing. If you could spare me some, you see I could tell him that I had made a mistake with the bottle. He seemed doubtful about it when I gave it to him—quite uncannily doubtful.”

“Then you think that the real thing has got some value attached to it?” Mr. Michael said, reflectively.

“Good gracious, no!” the doctor retorted. “Didn't I tell you that I poured the stuff away into the basin directly I got hold of it? Why, I was actually writing an article for the papers

giving my views pretty strongly on the subject of pious deception when the boy came and bothered me.”

“And did you finish the article?” the other asked—“on the subject of ‘pious deception?’”

“No,” I had a bit of a headache.”

“You should have wrapped a wet towel round your head and carried through the good work,” the grocer said, reprovingly.

“I did; but the towel didn't work. I dipped it in tepid water in the basin instead of water straight from the tap.”

“Did you happen to let the Lourdes water run away when you poured it off?” the Sherlock Holmes behind the counter asked, as though struck by an idea.

“I—I suppose so. I don't know. No! I don't believe I did. That must have been the Lourdes water I dipped it into. I remember now, it was standing in the basin.”

Mr. Michael pulled a face. “Well,” quoth he, “you could hardly expect an application of Lourdes water to facilitate the writing of the article you had under way.”

“It certainly didn't cure my headache,” the *demon* said. It was the best he could do in the way of a repartee. There was rather a disquieting suggestness of cause and effect in the circumstances of the case.

“Lourdes miracles are mostly spiritual,” Mr. Michael observed. “I hope the application of the water may do you some good, sir. And I shall be delighted to supply you with some more for your patient. 'Pon my word, I should never have believed yesterday that you would have been telling me that you had been using Lourdes water!”

Something like a scared look came into the doctor's eyes.

“Your Lourdes water isn't a charm?” he affirmed. “How about the ‘three that bear witness?’ This isn't a miracle.”

“No,” Mr. Michael said, “it's more what one might call a ‘*divine jeu d'esprit*’ “but excuse me, half a minute, sir here's a customer.”

THE customer proved to be no other than Patsy Egan. He entered alertly, if with a slight unevenness of gait. As a matter of fact he had been running.

“Can you come round a minute,” he gasped, addressing Mr. Michael, “Granny's queer, and mother doesn't know whether she ought to fetch the doctor.”

“Well, my lad, here *is* the doctor,” Mr. Michael said. “We'll both come. What has Granny been up to?”

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"She's been saying her prayers all night," was the reply. She thought she was at Lourdes, and she was praying out loud, with her arms spread out. She's quiet now and we can't rouse her."

"Come along," the *locum-tenens* said, "show me the way, I'll come at once."

Granny Egan lay in bed with her eyes closed. She opened them as the doctor entered the room.

"Lord, that I may see!—Jesu, Son of David, have mercy on us!" she murmured.

"That's the Lourdes prayers. She's been at 'em all night," Mrs. Egan junior explained. "She's always praying for the sick, or for sinners, and yesterday she got it into her head that someone was ill."

Here Patsy, standing by, put in an explanatory note.

"She thought it was you that was ill," he said, eyeing the local-demon reprehensively, "because my dad told her that you had taken James Mobsby's Lourdes water."

"What?" cried the doctor; and with such vehemence that Patsy modified the statement, hastily.

"I didn't mean taken it to drink," he explained. —"Dad said how you wouldn't take it like that, so Granny prayed—I didn't mean you'd taken it inside."

"No, it was an outside application," said a voice behind them. Mr. Michael had followed them upstairs. He was standing there holding the bottle of Lourdes water which he had stayed behind to secure.

The doctor examined Granny. It seemed to be an engrossing case.

"She always gets what she prays for," said young Mrs. Egan, "she has such faith, and she is such a sufferer. And she always keeps a can of Lourdes water by her."

THE local-demon seemed curiously interested, although, medically speaking, it was hardly to the point. He stood looking at the figure on the bed. He had grasped the inwardness of James Mobsby's, "Have you seen Granny Egan?"

Then Granny Egan suddenly opened her eyes again. She raised herself up and extended her arms:—

"Hosanna!" she cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Then she fell back on to her pillow, and the doctor gave his directions. The collapse need not be a final one. It was just the over-working of a worn-out heart. Virtue had gone out of Granny Egan and left her in need of the restoratives which

Our Lady's henchmen, the medical men, know how to administer.

Later on the doctor waited for Mr. Michael at the street door.

"I've brought along your Lourdes water," the latter said when he joined him.

"Thanks very much. May I know what I owe you?"

THE grocer smiled. "There is no official charge," said he, "but I'm a tradesman and I don't mind putting it on a business footing. Would you call it overcharging if I asked you to promise to read 'Twenty Cures at Lourdes' in return for the Lourdes water?"

"But I mean to read it," the local-demon cried —I want to;—that is, if you think it will add anything to Granny Egan—and to the three that bear witness."

"Ah! you have got hold of Lourdes," the other said. "I'm not sure that you aren't ready for the stronger meat."

"Better still, I might make a pilgrimage to Lourdes and see for myself, and take little James Mobsby with me and fill his bottle at head-quarters. Your '*divine jeu d'esprit*' has set me thinking."

"That would be best of all," Mr. Michael agreed.

At that minute Patsy Egan came running up to them—he ran from choice because of the novelty of it after crutches.

"Granny's better," he said, "she's saying the Magnificat to herself."

Questionings?

By MARGARET L. CUNNINGHAM

What boldness makes our hearts refuse surrender
When Thou—O King—doth gently plead for them?

What coldness turns our souls from such a tender
And sweet-voiced Lover as Thou e'er hast been?
What wanton spell dares lure us—to endanger
Thy conquest which will capture us for Heav'n?

Perhaps if Thou wilt strip us bare of treasures
We then will humbly bend the stubborn knee.
Or if Thou snatch from out our grasp all pleasures
Our burning eyes will search the dark for Thee
Like mendicants who offer empty measures
Which Thou can fill with love—Thine own to be.

Bible Reading in the Public Schools

An Anti-Constitutional and Un-American Practice

By HON. JOHN F. MCCARRON



AMERICA TODAY IS cursed with legislation of one kind and another that has for its object the legislating of good into people. No more pernicious type of this form of legislative enactment can be found than that requiring children to listen to the reading of a bible in the public school.

Busybodies of various religious organizations, not content with preaching the word of God from the pulpit, seek to compel children of all denominations to listen to bible reading. It makes no difference with them what the child's religious affiliation is or what bible he or she considers is the correct one or whether he or she believes in the bible or not, it must be read to him or her.

This Federal Government of ours was founded upon religious toleration and in the preamble to the Constitution of the United States there is nothing therein stated that it is essential to the perpetuity of Government to provide by constitutional or legislative enactment for bible-reading in the public school. On the other hand, it is specifically provided in the first amendment to the Constitution that:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The Constitution makers, fresh from the Revolutionary struggle, had a keen sense and understanding of the mighty truths of the Declaration of Independence and in drafting the Constitution of the United States, they had firmly in mind these words:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

Having seen that the fathers of the Constitution provided that Congress should not be permitted to interfere with one's religious belief, it was further provided at a later date by the adoption of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States that:

"Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The foregoing safeguards that are thus thrown around the citizen of the United States by the Constitution in the exercise of his constitutional rights have been repeatedly upheld in a long line of decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States.

It will be further noted by a full reading of the Constitution of the United States that the fathers were concerned with the principal question of protecting the natural and unalienable rights of the citizen. Compelling the citizen, by constitutional or legislative enactment to pray or to listen to bible-reading was not within the objects of the fathers when moulding the Constitution.

IN the States, there has been not one, but a number of enactments to compel children in public schools to listen to the reading of a bible which in nearly all cases means the reading of the Protestant version. There are a number of decisions of the State Courts that have said in no uncertain language that it cannot be done. But in spite of those decisions there is still an effort being made by a lot of busybodies in the several States to foist this un-American legislation upon the people. It is true that some of these persons are actuated by a sincere desire to spread the word of God but their methods of doing so are as crude and tyrannical as were those of the early Puritans in the witchcraft days of Massachusetts. On the other hand, there are a lot of preachers forever meddling with the rights of others by compelling people by law to do things that are matters that should be inculcated

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in the mind and heart through the churches and not in the legislative or judicial forum. It is such legislation that lessens respect for religion by its very act of compulsion. The penalty attached to the law brings also disrespect for lawfully constituted authority.

There is a great cry all over America today of disrespect for law. In my judgment much of this is due to the character of legislation that is sought to be enforced as it is in some way or another an

interference with the rights of the people. No law will be any better than the people want it to be and if it is unfair or unjust, it will, in due time, be disregarded or repealed.

It is high time for the American people to call a halt to legislative nostrums, reforms and quack legislation such as bible-reading in the public school for it is a broken limb of the doctrine of private interpretation of the Protestant Reformation and has no place in our public institutions.

Ignorance of the Constitution

A Defect of Our Busybody Legislators

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY

IF A SEEMINGLY SANE and intelligent member of the Catholic Church were to assure a Mohammedan that Catholics believe in the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist because "it says so in the Ten Commandments," the Mohammedan might, perhaps, be pardoned for deciding to remain a Mohammedan for a while. But many native born Americans will tell a properly inquiring alien that "the Constitution says all men are created free and equal" and then condemn the foreigner if he does not break all speed regulations to take out naturalization papers. That the foreigner may be justified in a little skepticism as to the unadulterated blessings of a form of government whose citizens are ignorant of its Constitution, is an idea heretical to the popular mind. Its heretical character is enhanced by a sneaking suspicion of its justification.

A man ignorant of the principles of his religious or political institutions is a poor missionary. And, of course, his disqualification increases directly in proportion with the intelligence of those whom he seeks to convert. Which leads to the conclusion that one of the most necessary, albeit generally ignored, factors in the many programs of Americanization aimed at the allegedly ignorant foreigner, is an effort to acquaint native born Americans with American principles of government.

The example of political ignorance cited in a foregoing paragraph is by no means far fetched.

There is an extreme haziness in the minds of many Americans of the more educated classes as to the distinction between the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution. Everyone has heard of both, of course. But, in practice, they are like the second verse of the National Anthem—something we hum and let the other fellow sing.

There are humorous aspects to the situation to be sure. It is distinctly humorous to hear a man arguing that such and such a thing can't be done "because it wouldn't be constitutional," when one knows the speaker hasn't the slightest idea as to what provision, if any, in the Constitution precludes the action he is opposing. Who has not heard, for instance, a solemn announcement that Prohibition is "not constitutional"? Not that the announcers haven't heard of the Eighteenth Amendment. They have heard of it all right but they don't know it is an amendment to the Federal Constitution, duly proposed and ratified and hence obviously constitutional, whatever its defects along other lines may be. And that, notwithstanding, that no other amendment since the Civil War additions to the Constitution has received anything comparable with the publicity incident to ratification of the provision to wipe out the liquor traffic. The publicity didn't sink into the public mind because the public mind was not prepared to receive or understand it. And for that lamentable condition the public generally is not responsible.

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This is not intended to be a supercilious dissertation on public ignorance. It is intended to point out that the public has been wronged by those whose duty it was to teach the rising generations of twenty years and ten years ago, the meaning of constitutional government.

IN the writer's early days in school it was the pious custom to handle that part of American history dealing with the adoption of the Constitution, by saying that "the delegates from the various Colonies met in convention in Philadelphia and drew up the Federal Constitution, that most glorious document ever devised by a mortal brain," or some such phrases. Apparently, it never entered the mind of the author of the text book or of the teacher who was supposed to interpret the text, that some explanation as to just what the Constitution is, might be very properly interjected at this point. The Constitution itself was usually printed in an appendix to the text-book where the unusually diligent pupil might discover it but where most of us did not. I discovered it when, for some forgotten misdemeanor, I was kept in after school and compelled to copy the Constitution twice. That was in grade-school days.

In high school it was somewhat different. It so happened that in the high school era through which the writer passed, there was one particular teacher of the slave-driver type who shall be used here for purposes of illustration because his number is legion. This teacher was wont to cover up his own lack of mental elasticity by compelling all his pupils to memorize their text books word for word. Recitations consisted of parrot-like repetitions of the text. What was in the text was all that was necessary for salvation, as it were. There was no attempt at interpretation, no pretense of giving any of the background which might have made the text intelligible. This teacher was regarded as highly efficient. His pupils always made "good grades" in their examinations in political science or "civics" as it was called. And one of those pupils told me recently that he was convinced Congress ought to modify the Eighteenth Amendment.

College wasn't much better. Here, however, it was possible, inadvertently, to pick up glimmers of the meaning of American principles of government through the medium of collateral reading. It was at this stage that embryonic notions, that there is a distinction between a constitution and a statute, began to attack the writer. In the last half of my senior year, quite by accident, I stumbled upon a course given by a professor who has since attained some note as an historian. He really had a knowledge of constitutional govern-

ment and knew how to disseminate that knowledge. But the time was too short for much progress.

It was while doing post-graduate work in the Catholic University of America—in constitutional history—that I heard for the first time a definition of a constitution which conveyed meaning. It was: "A constitution is a restraint upon the powers of a government." Only eleven words but more information than was gained in all the months of parrot-like memory work and reading of eulogies about the "great and glorious charter of our liberties" that had gone before. This is no treatise on constitutions so enough of that.

THE point the writer is trying to make is that, perhaps, we have devoted too much time to eulogizing the Constitution and its justly immortal framers, and too little time to the teaching of the actual meaning of the document itself. If it is necessary to pursue that meaning through a college course and into a post-graduate school, there is little hope of bringing about a general understanding of constitutional government. Less than one percent of the population of the United States goes to college at all, a smaller number completes the four year course, and an infinitesimal fraction goes on to post-graduate schools.

Possibly the teachers of history in our grade schools, high schools and colleges could profit by a consideration of the method whereby the Catholic Church teaches religion.

The Church requires its children to memorize the Ten Commandments, to be sure. But it also requires the children to absorb page after page of the Catechism filled with questions and answers explaining the meaning of each Commandment. That's why the average Catholic knows how to apply the Ten Commandments and the rules of the Church to situations arising in the routine of daily life. He knows, at least, whether he is doing right or wrong. And the absence of such a method may, if it is not *lese majeste* to suggest it, explain why so many Americans do not know how to apply the principles of the Federal Constitution when called upon to discharge their duties of civil allegiance and political activity. It is not their fault that they don't know, but it will be their fault if the next generation grows up in similar lack of knowledge. Memorizing the Constitution is a necessary and proper scholastic exercise and so is memorizing the multiplication tables. But no one learns the principles of constitutional government from the former, any more than any one learns the principles of higher mathematics from the latter. Both mathematics and government are sciences requiring competent elucidation.

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AND
COMMUNICATIONS

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HOLY COMMUNION

A non-Catholic friend of mine claims that at the last supper Christ gave the Bread and Wine separately or one at a time and that we Catholics only receive the Bread and on that account we do not follow Christ's instructions. My answer did not satisfy him so I would like to have your explanation—J. J. M., New York City.

Is Holy Communion given under two forms anywhere in the world with the sanction of the Roman Catholic Church—C. A. G., Chicago, Ill.

Our Divine Lord did at the Last Supper separately change the bread into His Body and the wine into His Blood; and Catholic priests follow His example and instructions exactly by separately consecrating the bread and wine during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As for the separate giving of His Body and His Blood that too is exactly followed in the Communion of every Mass. For remember there were only priests with Our Lord at the Last Supper, and so it is only the priest at Mass who is obliged to receive Communion under both kinds.

In the early days the Church permitted the faithful to partake of the chalice; but for very good reasons she has long since forbade the giving of Communion to the faithful under both forms. Today it is nowhere allowed. Some of the reasons for this prohibition of the Church are enumerated by St. Thomas: the danger of spilling the Precious Blood; the labor of procuring good wine, especially in northern countries; the difficulty of keeping the wine from souring; the repugnance felt by many people to drink from the same cup used by thousands of others, together with the reasonable fear of spreading disease.

Our Lord indeed told the people to partake both of His Flesh and His Blood; but His Flesh and His Blood, now inseparable, are both under each species of the Blessed Sacrament. Thus St. Paul says: "Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord." The opposite is also true: whosoever worthily "eateth this bread, shall live forever."

DOOMS DAY

Will you please criticize the following paragraph:

Mrs. Rowan and her handful of Rowanite followers decreed February 6, 1925, as the end of the world. The newspapers of the following day carried reports of one or two suicides as a result of this fanaticism. Some people must have been determined to make the prophecy come true. It is true the Bible says no man knows the hour or the day but the year seems as certainly foreshadowed as the first coming of the Savior. Daniel foretold the first Coming using the term seventy weeks. Now if the time of the first coming of the Messiah was foretold it is not unreasonable to expect scripture to divulge the approximate time of the second coming. Even the skeptic

upon reading the Bible would be forced to admit that there was something unusual in the recurrence of a certain figure. This magic figure is forty. Then rain of the deluge lasted forty days... The Israelites in the desert forty years, retouched with a little imagination, would read the Church in the world for forty centuries. Jonas in the whale was a figure of Our Lord. He may still have been that figure when he said, "Yet forty days and Ninive will be destroyed." David and Solomon both reigned forty years. The Lord fasting in the desert forty days and forty hours spent in the sepulchre then forty days until Ascension isn't enough so it is topped off by the destruction of Jerusalem which occurred forty years after the prophecy. In the stories of Abraham and Tobias this figure also is prominent. From Adam to the first Coming was forty centuries and from the first Coming to the Second forty centuries. Very simple.

This may be foolish but it seems more than a series of coincidences to me. It would be interesting to hear comments from your readers on it.—A. E. U., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The sole merit of the paragraph lies in its neat summary of biblical loci wherein the number forty is used. It is superstition to suppose that any magical number would have the least influence on the All Wise and All Powerful God. The number forty might be used on every page of the Bible but that would not lead to any conclusion as to God's plans for the future.

Further, there is no reason "to expect the scriptures to divulge the time of the second coming" just because they foretold the time of the first coming. Christ in His first coming "came not to judge the world" hence there was no reason why His coming should not have been announced. But He will come again and at His second Coming He will "judge the living and the dead." It is fitting that men be kept in uncertainty with regard to this second Coming because ignorance of the time of final reckoning is an extremely efficacious means of keeping our wayward nature in a state of preparedness. For those men who are to be alive at the end of the world, the crack of doom means the same as the moment of death for the rest of us: viz, the time when our credit and debit lists will be finally closed, when we shall be judged irrevocably by our works, when our eternal lot will be unchangeably fixed.

To all of us "The day of the Lord shall so come as a thief in the night;" so it behooveth us always to be ready." This is sound scriptural truth. It would argue a sad lack of hermeneutical training to argue from groundless analogies such as the repetition of a certain number against the truth of a very definite statement. The uncertainty of the day and the hour includes the uncertainty of the year. However the general time of the world's destruction will be preceded by certain signs, as was the time of the destruction of the city of Jerusalem; but how are men to distinguish such signs from natural events similar

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to them? It is the part of wisdom to put from our minds vain and idle speculations as to the second Coming of our Lord and to so order our lives that we shall be always ready to meet Him.

THE CURSE OF NOAH

Is not the curse of Noah upon Cham shown in the negro race?—R. O'M., Scranton, Pa.

No, the curse of Noah is not upon the negro race. This curse (Gen. 9/25) mentions only Chanaan, one of the sons of Cham. Interpreters see in this a prophetic statement of the latter historic event when the Chanaanites—the descendants of Chanaan—were dispossessed of their land and made the servants of God's chosen people.

TOASTS TO THE POPE AND TO THE KING

The attached clipping is explanatory in itself. Was the Lord Mayor correct in his view? What is the procedure at such banquets?—L. P. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The clipping reads: "Toast King, then Pope, insists Catholic Mayor. Because it was decided to propose the health of the Pope before that of King George, the Lord Mayor of London, Colonel Sir Alfred Bower, who is a Roman Catholic, refused to attend the annual banquet last evening of the Catenian Association, a Roman Catholic Society. The Lord Mayor had accepted the invitation, but, upon learning of the decision of the chairman, canceled his acceptance, and told the press: 'I will not attend any banquet in the capacity of Lord Mayor at which the royal toast is honored after that of the Pope.'"

In the first place, the heading "Toast King, then Pope, insists Catholic Mayor" is an unwarranted inference from the Lord Mayor's words; his speech implies no insistence of any kind.

At merely civil banquets there is no need of rendering a toast to the Pope; and as a rule such toasts are omitted. At purely Catholic banquets the toast to the Pope should be proposed before any other.

The Lord Mayor's view was consistent and easily justifiable. Had he attended a banquet where the Pope was toasted before the King he would have been placed in a very embarrassing situation. He would have been present as a civil representative at a banquet where precedence of honor was given to a spiritual power contested by the very civil authority which he "in the capacity of Lord Mayor" represented; therefore he refused to be present in such a civil capacity.

But where the Vicar of Christ as a spiritual ruler and the king as a temporal ruler are honored with toasts at the same banquet, reason prescribes that precedence should be given to the Papal toast. Every reasonable man places his spiritual welfare above his temporal welfare as he values his soul above his body; he thinks it more honorable to be a good, conscientious citizen than simply to be a citizen. Every true Catholic wants to be a good citizen of his country, and his toast to the Vicar of Christ is a thankful reverence to the divine power that can make him good.

CHANGING ONE'S NAME

Is it wrong in the eyes of the Church for a person to change his Christian name? For instance, suppose a person's name is "Anthony Smith," would it be all right if he should write his name as "Thomas Anthony Smith"? Would any complications arise as regards Baptismal Papers, etc?—M. W., Chicago, Ill.

The Church prescribes the naming of newly baptized after some saint because she feels that the

saint thus honored will exercise a special protection over his or her namesake. Reverence then for one's patron saint is the chief thing to be considered by a good Catholic when wishing to change his or her name; and therefore changing one's name should not be done simply to satisfy some frivolous whim. When the name has been changed, a record of this change noted in the baptismal register will prevent any complications in ecclesiastical matters. Legal complications will arise unless the change of name is legalized.

THE EASTERN STARS

Can a practical Catholic woman be a member of the Eastern Star?—M. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.

As far as we can discover the society of the Eastern Star is affiliated with the Masons in such a way as to incur the same condemnation as the Masons themselves. However, any Catholic woman who joins an organization which excludes our Blessed Lady from among the models of true womanhood should be heartily ashamed of herself.

CATHOLIC LAWYERS AND DIVORCE CASES

Is there a positive law of the Church forbidding Catholic lawyers to commence divorce proceedings for a client? Are there any circumstances under which a Catholic lawyer may take a divorce case?—G. W. H., Elizabeth, N. J.

Some things need no positive law of the Church to forbid them. Wherever there is question of directly co-operating with another in the commission of sin, the divine and natural law forbid such co-operation.

In some countries the Holy See forbids lawyers from handling divorce cases; but owing to peculiar circumstances in this country the Church tolerates such a practice in cases where the parties have a canonical cause for separation. A Catholic lawyer should seek the approval of the local bishop in this matter. He must bear in mind also that he cannot without sin institute divorce proceedings with the intention of putting asunder what God has joined. His action is merely to help his clients obtain the legitimate civil effects of separation. Conscientious lawyers and judges can do much to check the terrible evil so rampant in this country. Often a timely word or a little reasoning will make parties realize the silliness of separating because of some trifling quarrel. We have nothing but high praise for those judges and lawyers who are settling "out of court" so many cases of private family difficulties, thus bringing happiness again into homes and safeguarding the prosperity of our country whose security can rest only on a basis of happy homes.

TIME TO ANSWER VOCATION

Is it advisable for a young girl, who believes she has a religious vocation, to go to work in an office for a few years after graduating from high school, in order to partially repay her parents for the many sacrifices they have made for her?—M. P., Scranton, Pa.

If the parents need the financial help, the daughter's duty is plain. However it is always dangerous to delay once we are sure of God's call. Money is not the only thing that can repay our parents for their self-sacrificing lives in our behalf; and you will find it the experience of many good parents that their daughter in the convent has done far more for them in the way of making them happy than she would probably have done by remaining in the world.

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ANSWER TO LETTER X MARRIED MAN

The man cannot do what he asks: to do so would certainly be a mortal sin. Old age alone never excuses the wife from her duty to her husband in such circumstances; she is still bound to aid her husband in this secondary but essential end of marriage.

SECRETARY TO A DIVORCE LAWYER

Does a Catholic girl do anything wrong by working for a lawyer who has divorce cases occasionally, she being obliged to make out the papers when he dictates them or otherwise gives them to her?—M. P., Scranton, Pa.

Such a girl need not have no worries in this matter as long as she is not influenced by the scandalously lax attitude of others toward the sacred and perpetual ties of marriage. If possible it would be better for her to seek an atmosphere more congenial to her holy faith.

A RUBRIC

Is a priest in giving Holy Communion obliged to say to each individual, "Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi, etc.," or may he say that prayer while communicating two or even three people?—W. T. L., New York City.

The Roman Missal prescribes the saying of the prayer for each individual communicant; the words themselves call for this. We know of no authorization for a contrary practice.

I. H. S. AND I. N. R. I.

What is the meaning of I. H. S. on the priest's vestments? What is the meaning of I. N. R. I. on the crucifix?—M. T. McG., Elizabethport, N. J.

There are two common errors as to the meaning of I. H. S. These letters do not mean Iesus Hominum Salvator (Jesus the Savior of Men). Nor are these letters the initialed letters of I Have Suffered. The letters I. H. S. are the first three letters of the Greek word IHOU, meaning Jesus. From the earliest days of the Church this abbreviation of the Holy Name was used in Christian inscriptions. Blessed John Columini usually wore these letters on his breast. St. Bernardine of Sienna, the Apostle of the Holy name was wont at the end of his sermons to exhibit this monogram to his audience. The church uses this monogram of the Holy Name on her altars, sacred vessels, and vestments.

The letters I. N. R. I. are the initial letters of the Latin inscription Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum (Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews). In the Latin language the consonant J is written with the same character as the vowel I, hence Iesus instead of Jesus. The inscription from which these words are taken was written by Pontius Pilate. "And Pilate wrote a title also, and he put it upon the cross. And the writing was Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.... and it was written in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin" (St. John 19:19/20)

SAINT GEORGE

Please give a short biography of Saint George, stating birthplace, nationality, and what he did.—M. B., West Hoboken, N. J.

Saint George is one of the few saints honored alike in the East and West. Yet he is a saint of whom we know very little. According to authentic accounts he was born of noble Roman Christian parents in Cappadocia. He was a soldier attached to the personal staff of the Emperor Diocletian. He suffered martyrdom near Lydda—also called Diospolis—in Palestine. That

is practically all that is known for certain about him.

There are many myths about Saint George, the most famous of which is his slaying a dragon and thus rescuing a king's daughter. This story is traced back only as far as the twelfth or thirteenth century. According to some account he was put to death three times: chopped into small pieces, buried deep in the earth, and consumed by fire; but was resuscitated by God each time. Many other wonderful stories are related of him.

Richard the Lion Hearted placed his army under the protection of St. George. From about the thirteenth century Saint George has been the patron of England. Besides Saint Stephen, he is the only martyr who is venerated all over the Christian world. His feast is celebrated April 23.

Saint George is the principal patron of England, Catalaunia (Spain), Liguria (Italy), Aragon, Georgia, Modena, Ferrara, the Isle of Syros, and many other dioceses. He is the minor patron of Portugal, Lithuania, and Constantinople. He is the protector of soldiers, knight and horses.

COMMUNICATIONS

VACATION

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

Some time ago I happened into our parish club, and the conversation at the time happened to be about summer vacations. I was asked if I intended to go down to camp this year; and I answered that I did. At this answer someone in the room made the wise crack, "Don't forget your rosary". This remark was meant to cut; and it did. There was a good laugh at my expense in which I tried to join but not very successfully. However that remark recalled to my mind what I have witnessed often: that many Catholics go to summer camps and not only forget their rosary but often leave their faith at home. I am not trying to preach but I can't help wondering just why being a good Catholic in a Catholic summer camp causes unfavorable comment. Why should I have to apologize for reciting the Rosary during the summer time? Must I leave all my religious duties go simply because I am on vacation?

Personally I think I have profited by the remark made in the parish club, and perhaps the readers of The Sign will pardon me if I pass the good word along, "When you go to camp, take your rosary along—that is, if you have one."—H. T., Boston, Mass.

EXTRAORDINARY CURES

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

A little nephew of mine had something wrong with his eyes; in fact when he was two years old, he was almost totally blind.

His mother took him to several specialists and finally allowed them to operate four times; but sad to say there was no improvement. His mother made numerous novenas in honor of different saints and sent offerings to St. Ann's shrine in Canada. But everything seemed in vain.

On a Passionist Mission I met Father C. and told him about the boy. Father C. blessed him and said a novena of Masses for him. Before the novena was over a marked improvement was noticed, so wonderful as to seem miraculous. That happened a year ago; and the boy's sight has steadily improved. The Doctor said that unless he had seen it himself he would not believe it.

Also a niece had a swelling on the back of her neck for about two years. Doctors said an operation was necessary. Father C.... blessed my niece's neck and the swelling disappeared within a few days. —S. J. H., New York City.

When a Ghost Is Not a Ghost

Rose Watson and the K. K. K.

By LEONARD GREGORY



ROSE WATSON DOES NOT often think of herself. She is busy thinking of her pupils in the district school, and of her parents at home struggling bravely to relieve the farm of its mortgage. At the end of every month when her pay comes, she sends a large portion of it to her father. He is not a shiftless spendthrift. Far from it. He is but one of the legion of unfortunate farmers who invested in land during the wartime period of inflation and were caught heavily in debt in the economic depression following the war. Now, by practising extreme frugality, Mr. Watson is able to keep up his taxes and interest and provide the household necessities.

Rose had stayed with the Eliots during the past three months while she had been employed to teach in the district school. Her pleasing, unassuming manner and her rich endowment of conversational art found a welcome for her in the Eliot home. Although teaching was, for her, a new experience, she had become popular both with parents and with pupils.

The supper hour was always a cheerful one at Eliots'. The food was wholesome and abundant, but not more so than the pervasive good humor. Margaret and Virginia, the eight-year-old twins, related eagerly the events of the day at school. Curtis, a ten-year-old boy with wide twinkling eyes told of the daily business transactions,—a watch spring for a horseshoe nail, a top for a knife, or perhaps a celluloid harness ring for a piece of inner tube.

On this particular evening, Curtis was especially vivacious, having succeeded in trading a stub of a candle for a fish hook. To this ardent disciple of Isaak Walton, no treasure was more precious than an article of angling equipment.

After supper, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot read the newspapers. There was a letter for Rose in the day's mail. As she read she became pale and horror-stricken, and when she finished she passed the letter, with trembling hand, to Mr. Eliot. While he and his wife were reading it together, Rose sat nervously fingering the little gold cross, the emblem of her faith, which she had worn about her neck since early childhood. The letter was a warning that

she must abandon the school, that a Catholic teacher was a dangerous influence, and that the neighborhood would not tolerate having the pupils subjected to such a menace. Moreover, if the warning was not heeded at an early date, a definite course of action would be pursued. The letter bore no signature other than the large capital letters "K.K.K."

The three were shocked by the message. They knew that the Ku Klux Klan had been gaining a foothold in the vicinity, but it had never occurred to them that Rose might be molested. The idea of her being a dangerous influence was absurd. To her, the warning was a stinging blow. Not only did it deeply hurt her feelings, but it aroused apprehensions of her future welfare.

Mr. and Mrs. Eliot did their best to console her, saying that there was really no cause for alarm; the warning should be disregarded entirely, for the patrons of the school recognized her excellent ability and would not allow any such unreasonable interference. So greatly relieved was Rose by this sympathy and encouragement that she resolved to continue her school duties as though nothing had happened.

THERE was just one more week of school before the Christmas holidays. An entertainment was planned for Friday evening in which the pupils would give readings, songs, and dialogues.

When Friday night came, the schoolhouse was filled with eager-eyed, laughing children, and proud parents anxious to see their young hopefuls play their parts on the stage. There was a Christmas tree in one corner, bedecked and sparkling with a profusion of tinsel. Hanging among the evergreen branches were numerous packages wrapped in hollypaper and tied with fancy ribbon. Larger bundles were heaped about the base of the tree.

The program was carried out with no more blunders than one should expect. The little mistakes, so seriously regarded by their makers, only added to the evening's amusement. When the program was finished Mr. Eliot assisted Rose in lighting the candles on the tree while the crowd of boys and girls watched the process, fascinated to silence by the array of red, green, and gold, glittering in the soft flickering candle-light.

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Loudly, abruptly, came a knock on the door. Immediately it was pushed open. An eager young voice in the audience burst out,

"It's Santa Claus!"

But it was not. A figure entered clad in a long white gown, and a white hood which extended down about the shoulders. It carried a banner inscribed with the words "100 per cent American."

"It's a sure enough ghost," gasped Johnny Brookens, the only colored boy in school.

But one spectral guest was not all: he was followed by another, and another; yes, a whole procession. They entered by the left door, walked stiffly across the stage and passed out through the door on the right. Probably twenty of these figures had passed in and out when the last appeared, bearing a gift for the school. It was a large American flag. The donor announced in tones of affected dignity that the gift would be removed if a Catholic teacher returned after the holidays.

DURING this hideous scene, the grown-ups had sat dumbfounded and motionless; the little girls were frantic with fright. From the brow of Johnny rolled great drops of perspiration as big and cold as hailstones. When he had seen the last "ghost" disappear, he burst out,

"If them wasn't spooks I'll dehorn Satan," mindful even in those tense moments of his aspiration to become a great veterinary surgeon.

Rose slumped in a chair, exhausted. The entertainment which she had assiduously planned was ruined by those night-crawling intruders.

A jingling of sleigh-bells was heard outside and Santa Claus, himself, entered, attired in a gay red suit with snowy cotton trimming, an exaggerated waist line, a glowing ruddy face, and a large pack upon his back. He made a brief speech saying that Miss Watson had requested him to bring each one of her pupils a present. So he gave each one a sack of candy from his pouch and then proceeded to distribute the gifts from the Christmas tree. His jokes and joviality partially dispelled the fear and terror which the previous comers had cast over the little crowd.

The gifts were all disposed of, the crowd lingered to visit a while before departing. There was a sputtering of cold motors, a crunching of auto tires on the frozen ground, and gleams from headlights lighted the road to the farmers' homes.

Rose went home to spend the vacation with her parents. During this time many patrons of the school wrote friendly letters to her, urging that she return. The Ku Klux, they assured her, would do nothing more than make threats. If these were not heeded they would surely discontinue.

The first Monday after the holidays found her again at her place in the schoolhouse. The week passed uneventfully until Saturday when Mr. Eliot and Rose each received a letter from K.K.K. demanding a Protestant school teacher. Mr. Eliot being clerk of the school board called a special meeting for Monday night to decide what should be done if the Ku Klux menace continued. The other two board members, Dave Norton and Ed. Rigsby, assented that some action should be taken. In the meantime Rose became more nervous and discouraged. That abusive, insulting letter was more than she could well endure. She was hurt and indignant. Never before had she been reproached for her religious belief. How could it possibly offend anyone? She had striven conscientiously to give her pupils consistent ethical training along with their book learning. She had tried to inculcate in them a sense of honor and obedience. In every respect she was a desirable leader for a group of young children. In her sincere efforts she had been successful, and had made many friends.

Monday passed fitfully. Rose was despondent and unable to concentrate upon her work. She decided that she would give up the school and return home. She would not endure the anguish of being censured for no reason other than her Catholic faith. After school that evening she began resolutely to pack her trunk. Mr. and Mrs. Eliot pleaded with her to stay but it was of no avail. Her mind was made up. Margaret and Virginia wept bitterly. The big blue eyes of Curtis became serious. There was no cheer at the supper table that night, for Rose would be ready to leave on the eight-thirty bus which passed by Eliot's home.

MR. ELIOT pondered the situation carefully. He knew that a change of teachers during the year was a serious retardation to the school work. He thought that the Ku Klux trouble would discontinue so that school work might go on peaceably. In reality that organization was made up largely of men who knew no real difference between a Catholic and a Protestant. A wave of propaganda had effected their emotions causing merely a temporary state of unrest and turmoil. He and Dave Norton were staunch friends of Rose, while the other board member, Ed. Rigsby, was an habitual knocker whose chief pleasure in life was being disagreeable. He always protested against modern improvements or progress of any kind. He seldom attended the board meetings, but never failed to find fault with the decisions of the other two members. True to form, this

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perpetual grouch was dissatisfied with Rose. He avowed that she was worth only half her salary, and that the high cost of education was keeping him in poverty. No one was surprised on this Monday evening when he called up Mr. Eliot to say that he could not attend the meeting because of his severe cold which would probably turn to pneumonia if he exposed himself to the night air.

Mr. and Mrs. Eliot pleaded, argued, reasoned, with Rose, but unsuccessfully. At eight o'clock she had completed her preparations to leave. The twins continued to weep at intervals. They were incomprehensible of all, except that Rose would not be with them any more to tell them stories and help them care for the dolls. Curtis gave a final, sad good-bye to Rose; then after opening the heat register in the ceiling, he went upstairs to bed.

Dave Norton arrived.

The bus was due in five minutes. Rose, with moist eyes, kissed Margaret and Virginia, and bade good-bye to the group. She opened the door, stepped outside, but dashed fearfully back into the room shouting,

"Look! look out on the porch!"

NO sooner had she issued the warning than three representatives of the Ku Klux Klan entered and stood in the center of the room in full bed-sheet regalia. No wonder Rose was terrified. Even in the well-lighted room the three white-clad figures appeared spectral and inhuman.

Mrs. Eliot and Rose sat in the davenport with the twins huddled between them, horrified by the strange scene. Mr. Eliot stood firm and self-possessed facing the three imposters.

"What is the purpose of this visit," he asked.

"We have come in the interest of this community," said the spokesman of the trio. "We do not want the innocent school children to suffer the dangerous influence of a Catholic teacher."

"I fail to see any way in which Miss Watson has been a dangerous influence," said Mr. Norton.

"Well," muttered the masked one, "Catholics are un-American. They don't stand for democratic principles."

"Be specific," demanded Mr. Eliot. "What real objection have you to a Catholic school teacher?"

"Well—ah—well, you ought to hear the speeches at our meetings. You can't realize how Catholics are demoralizing our schools," stuttered the hooded one uneasily.

"You have given us no real reason for your opposition," put in Mr. Norton.

"Aren't you men one hundred per cent American?"

"We are peaceable American citizens," said Mr. Eliot with rising indignation. "If you can give a sound reason for opposing Miss Watson, let us hear it. If you have no reason, get out and be done with this childish nonsense."

There was a brief pause. Evidently they were not prepared for a cross-examination. Then one of the figures who had been silent spoke up in a strained and obviously unnatural voice.

"You never can tell what a Catholic is up to. They pretend to be one thing when they are really something else."

These meaningless words had barely escaped his muffled lips when his hood flew upward with a jerk and hung suspended near the ceiling on a fish hook and line which dangled from the register directly above the uncovered head of Ed. Rigsby.

Bewildered, he looked up at his departed head-gear, turned his gaze to his feet, then toward the door.

"Let's be goin'," he said, and he looked as a man feels when he dreams of appearing in public half-dressed.

The hood dropped to the floor. Mr. Eliot, suppressing a smile, picked it up and handed it to the owner saying,

"Here, Ed, put this on so you will look like what you are. It might save you from pneumonia, too."

The three figures vanished in the darkness. Dave Norton and Mr. Eliot laughed uproariously. Mrs. Eliot soon joined them, then Rose's gloom and anxiety was overcome and she made a brave attempt to smile. When the room quieted, a gleeful chuckle was heard upstairs. Then Rose began unpacking her trunk saying,

"I have changed my mind about giving up the school and I hope that hereafter I shall recognize a joke when I see one."

We get along through life happily between clouds and sunshine, forgetting ourselves in our employments or our amusements, and so long as we can lose our consciousness in activity we can struggle on to the end. But when the end comes, when the life is lived and done, and stands there face to face with us; or if the heart is weak, and the spell breaks too soon, as if the strange master-worker has no longer any work to offer us, and turns us off to idleness and to ourselves; in the silence then our hearts lift up their voices and cry out they can find no rest here, no home. Neither pleasure, nor rank, nor money, nor success in life, as it is called, have satisfied or can satisfy.—James A. Froude.

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



THE LESSON OF MAN'S INGRATITUDE



AFTER the first hour of His agony in the garden of olives, Jesus had risen unsteadily to His feet and tottered over to His three Apostles, Peter and James and John, to find some sympathy and consolation. But

there, in the shadows, He found them—asleep.

“Ah,” He said gently to Peter, “could you not watch with Me one hour?”

Again, after His second hour of torment, our Blessed Lord had risen more unsteadily than before, and once more had tottered over to His chosen friends; but again He had found them asleep. And now, for the last time, He returns to the place of His agony, supporting Himself as He comes against the olive trees.

The face of Jesus is as the face of the dead. His beard and robe are matted with dirt. He clutches His breast as though His heart were painning Him severely. And here, in the place of His agony, under the shade of the olive trees, for the third time, He sinks to His knees and falls upon His face flat upon the ground stricken with agony.

Now, however, He seems utterly exhausted. He lies quite still. The minutes pass with no sign of life from the prostrate figure but the low, moaning voice. But this prayer is not as before, for the passing of His chalice, but only, “Father, not My will, but Thine be done.” Suddenly He begins to writhe again slowly, fiercely, as if locked in the mighty embrace of some invisible power. Deep, choking sobs come from His lips. It is evident

that the climax of His agony is at hand. He has agonized at the vision of sin, at the realization of what it will mean to be clothed in those sins of the world, and to suffer for them in His own Person; but what now causes the climax of His agony is the sight of what sin is to do to men, in spite of all His sufferings for them.

Ah, our Divine Lord could suffer to become

clothed with our sins. He could endure all the torture demanded by God's justice in atonement for them. But He could not bear the sight of what sin was to bring upon mankind, despite all His sufferings for them. He is now made to realize that in spite of Him, sin will endure and that it will triumph in the souls of men. He sees how sin is to affect even those whom He loves best, how it is going to harden their hearts, how it will make them indifferent, cold, ungrateful, even unmindful of His sufferings for them.

Even as He lies in agony, His three best friends are asleep but a few paces away. He had asked them to watch and pray with Him. At two

different times He had come to them for consolation. And both times He had found them asleep, unmindful of His sufferings. So too, as He looks down through the centuries, He beholds the coldness and ingratitude of the souls He loves most tenderly, He sees them also refusing to watch and pray with Him, indifferent to, unmindful of His sufferings for them. And, because of their slothfulness and indifference, He knows that, like St. Peter, many of them will also fall into mortal

St. Teresa once said that she never allowed a day to pass without thinking for a while upon our Lord in His Agony in Gethsemane.

Indeed, here in this “crucifixion of Christ's soul” all of us may learn lessons of the Wisdom and Power of God which are at once incalculable and invaluable.

We have thought about the lesson of the evil of sin, given in the first hour of our Lord's agony; in the second hour we have studied the lesson of how to overcome our repugnance to suffering. Now, in the third and last hour of the agony, and especially in our Divine Lord's sweat of blood, we shall be taught the lesson of man's ingratitude.

“And His sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground.” (Luke: 22/44).

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sin and deny Him, their Divine Master.

But, worst of all, He beholds millions of these ungrateful souls lost to Him forever. He sees sin instead of His love conquering their hearts, dragging them down into hell, away from Him forever, with His blood upon them not for a blessing but for a curse.

"See, O Christ!" shout the devils who swarm about Him, "see the men you wish to die for. See how they love You. How many of them will thank You for dying for them? How many will even think of Your sufferings for them? How many of them will choose sin and us in spite of You and curse You forever in hell?"

The body of Jesus is rigid. The arms are still outstretched above His head. The fingers still clutch the earth. But the backs of the hands are no longer white. They are red. Our Lord's heart is broken. It is the sweat of blood. "And His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground."

Prayer of Blessed Battista Varani—O my God, I believe and confess that Thou alone knowest and canst know, how often and how deeply that most bitter arrow of our ingratitude hath pierced and wounded Thy heart, for Thou alone knowest how many they have been, and are, and shall be, who will show such ingratitude towards Thee. This truth, O God, on behalf of myself and all creatures I recognize and confess. For even as not an hour or an instant passes in which we do not profit by Thy benefits, so there passes not an hour or an instant which does not add immeasurably to this immeasurable weight of ingratitude; which black and abominable ingratitude was, I do believe, and confess, one of the most bitter sorrows of Thine afflicted soul.

(Let your mind dwell on these thoughts and your heart speak out in your own words to Jesus in Gethsemane.)

IF Christians had been present at the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and beheld Jesus covered all over with blood, and making occasional efforts to lift up His aching head and His trembling hands towards heaven, imploring pity and compassion, and then in a mortal swoon falling back again upon the ground, groaning and sighing, panting for breath, and His face pale as death,—oh! they would have learned how much He suffered for their sake.

Yes, and if Christians would only place themselves in spirit with our Lord in His agony, they would not be so ungrateful for and unmindful of these sufferings of His.

Thank God, however, we can place ourselves

in spirit with our Lord in His agony in Gethsemane, we can compassionate Him, we can make up to Him at least somewhat for our past ingratitude and for the indifference of the world about us. Our Lord's agony is not over, so far as we are concerned. He saw us there beside Him in Gethsemane just as He saw every soul that will ever live. We know that there He was forced to take all our sins upon Him and that there He saw all our ingratitude. And so too there He saw all our sorrow for sin and our compassion for His sufferings; so that just as we can add to His agony by our continued sin and ingratitude we can just as well comfort Jesus and console Him, by watching with Him and praying with Him.

The great purpose of the Archconfraternity of the Passion is to induce men and women to spend at least a few minutes each day with our Divine Lord in some scene of His Passion, and thus to bring consolation and joy to His Sacred Heart. If only we tried to realize how human the heart of Jesus is, how it longs for our sympathy, how intensely sensitive it is to both ingratitude and gratefulness. To teach us that, He left us the scene of His seeking consolation from His Apostles, and His disappointment at finding them indifferent to His sufferings.

How often have you disappointed the Sacred Heart by your ingratitude. How much share did you have in that agony which caused the blood to burst from every pore of His Sacred body?

Surely you are willing to try to make up for the past, at least in some measure. It is so easy to spend a few minutes each day with our suffering Redeemer,—at our morning prayers, by reciting them before a crucifix, by a few offerings of the Precious Blood during the day, by a visit to Him in His lonely tabernacle home, by a good-night kiss to the crucifix, etc.

Besides, if we did this, our Lord, as we have seen, would give us a wisdom that is far above all the wisdom of the world, and would little by little fill our hearts with a love that would change the whole aspect of life and death.

Are you willing to give our Lord a few minutes each day? Why not join the Archconfraternity of the Passion? Why not try to bring others to our Crucified Lord, and thus be the means of bringing more consolation and joy to His Sacred Heart? (*See Intention of the Archconfraternity in this issue.*)

ASPIRATION:—May the Passion of Jesus Christ be ever in our minds, and in our hearts.

RESOLUTION:—I will try to increase devotion to Jesus Crucified through the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Jewels of the Madonna (Vigil Lights)

By CELESTER M. HORTON

At thy altar, Mary,
Like the jewels rare,
Rows of gleaming ruby lamps,
Lit to thee in prayer.

Each to thee, dear mother,
Is a soul laid bare,
With its sorrow, anguish, hurt,
Pleading for thy care.

This poor soul is grieving
For a dear one, ill,
Mother, heed the prayer for health—
If it is His will!

Here's a plea for guidance,
Mother, wondrous wise;
Here's a cross that's hard to bear,
Mother, sympathize!

Lo! another glowing,
More ardent than them all,
Tis a prayer to save a soul—
Like to God's own call.

Always interceding,
We have but to ask,
Guarding gems of faith for Him,
Is her best loved task.

Christian Witchcraft

By MARY DODGE TENEYCK

IT was during the early ages of the Church and the glorious Bishop Alexander knelt at prayer. A pagan woman rushing in interrupted him exclaiming wildly that her only son was dead. The woman had no faith in God but in Alexander. He performed miracles as easily as he preached. The sympathetic Bishop promised to follow her home. Arriving there they found her child had been dead several hours.

After a moment of prayer Alexander took the boy's hand crying aloud,

"Lucius, arise in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Quickly life came back to the little lad.

Those about marveled while the Bishop asked him what he had seen. Then Lucius told a dream. How he was led to the brink of a pit where appeared a beautiful Man who ordered, "Let go the boy, for he is called by the servant of God, Alexander!"

After a few days he and fourteen thousand more were converted and received Baptism.

News of the miracle sped to Rome and the Emperor Antoninus, a fanatical pagan, sent Cornelianus with a hundred and fifty men to bring Alexander to the Imperial City. They found the Bishop preaching and feared to break into the crowds. Meanwhile Alexander told his listeners that it was God's Will for him to go to Rome and suffer for the Faith, then commanded them not to resist the soldiers. They obeyed in reluctant patience when Alexander departed followed by one of his friends, the priest Crescentianus.

On reaching Rome Alexander, his hands tied behind his back, was brought to the Emperor. Antoninus feared these wonderful Christians and the witchcraft they seemed to possess.

"I don't want to have much to say to you, young man," the Emperor spoke uneasily, "but come, deny your God, and offer sacrifice to our dieties. If you refuse I will put you to torture."

Alexander replied, "I put my trust in Him who reigns above; I will never burn incense to a senseless idol."

Antonius commanded him to be beaten with rods, but suddenly changed his mind and ordered the holy Bishop four days in prison to think it over.

Alexander protested, "Look upon the four days as passed and do with me now what thou intendest."

But the prison doors clanged behind him. Faithful Crescentianus, his friend who has given us this history, flung his weary body beneath a tree. He dreamed of the Bishop in captivity with an angel. Together they sang a hymn, then the celestial spirit untied his bonds, the door of the prison opened and they passed out. Through the streets, everywhere, they went unnoticed. Finally chatting together the two came towards Crescentianus. The angel pointed to the dreamer and disappeared, while the Bishop leaned over him. Awakening, Crescentianus saw his dream come true.

The next day the prison governor in fear told of the captive's escape. Antoninus was not surprised but annoyed.

Meantime Alexander and Crescentianus converted the town where the angel left them. Miracles of restored health came to the blind and lame and afflicted. The fame of it all spread again to Rome and other soldiers came to capture the Bishop.

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There were games on the Claudian Road the morning Alexander was taken. But these stopped abruptly when he appeared and the crowd struggled about the Emperor's balcony as the Bishop was led to him. Antoninus coaxed him,

"Well, Alexander, has thou consented to become our friend?"

"The Lord said, 'Away! begone, Satan!' So I say to you, thou shalt not tempt the servant of Christ," replied Alexander.

A sudden flash of lightning startled the people, while a burst of rain showered on them as the earth shook with thunder. Antoninus was frightened and ordered Alexander to the city.

Next day crowds came to the examination of the holy Bishop. The Emperor dreaded defeat, and irritation filled his heart. He offered riches, honor, friendship, but Alexander disregarded all. Then, angered, Antoninus again burst out,

"Let him be put on the rack and burn his sides with torches!"

The order was executed but straining ropes brought no pain to the wrenched limbs. Flaming torches did not burn.

"Then where are thy gods? Let us see if they prove their divinity."

Those present were astonished. Was the Bishop to be influenced? Led along the Via Sacra, Alexander passed through the Arch of Titus and into the temple of Apollo. When he knelt down, the Emperor prayed to his idol. Suddenly there came smoke and ruin as the statue and part of the temple crashed down. Antoninus slunk away trembling, commanding Cornelianus, the officer, to guard Alexander.

Next day crowds gathered at the Coliseum with Antoninus in a gloomy mood. Alexander was pushed into the arena. Two bears rushed upon him, but stood motionless as though dazzled. Alexander advanced towards the Emperor's box, the bears following licked his very footprints. Two roaring lions bounded out, but bowed themselves to kiss the Bishop's feet. The Roman audience became almost hysterical while Cornelianus, rather expecting this failure, had a furnace, burning with a huge pan of oil, rolled within the arena. The Bishop was thrust into the mass, which immediately went out.

As Antoninus in fuming rage ordered Alexander beheaded a young man rushed from the tiers of Coliseum seats to the Emperor's box. He was a particular friend of Antoninus.

"Cruel tyrant!" he cried fiercely, "How has God blinded thine eyes? Who can any longer doubt but that He in whom Alexander trusts is the true God?"

Some one had tried to hold him back, but the young Herculanius burst from the Imperial box into the arena and knelt at Alexander's feet. The triumph of Christ in the past scenes determined him to become a Christian. The furious Emperor commanded both Alexander and his former friend beheaded. His order was carried out at different times and places. The Bishop met his martyrdom on the Via Claudia. Crescentianus buried Alexander and built him a new crypt nearby.

Several days later Cornelianus, the Roman officer, was filled with anger when he read the word "martyr" on the tomb and with a heavy instrument resolved to break the slab. His arm withered and he fell down helplessly, screaming and writhing with pain. Terror-stricken friends carried him home, while he continually called out,

"O Alexander! you are burning me; I beseech you to assist me!"

His friends thought he was insane but a stranger suggested,

"Take him to the tomb of Alexander again and he will be cured."

It was done and after his instant recovery Cornelianus made a full confession and gave a large piece of ground about the tomb of Alexander to the Christians.

So finishes the testimony of Alexander's friend, the priest Crescentianus. The wonders God worked for His servants soar beyond possibilities of imagination. Nor will the days of His power ever cease, even to the great miracle of Eternity.

The Mathematical Spider

WOULD you believe that the common garden spider is smarter than you? Anyway, he seems to be a wonderful mathematician.

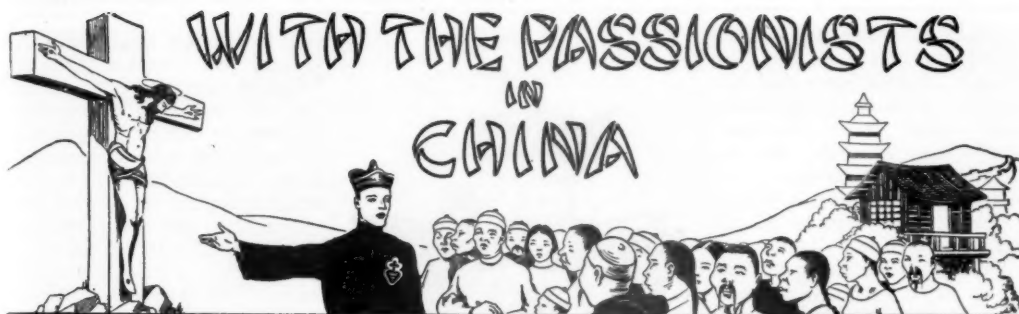
Scarcely is he born than he proceeds to fashion himself a house. Because it must serve also as a trap for his prey, he must plan it craftily in order to increase the chances of ensnaring his victims and to prevent their escape. Hence, in spinning his web, he follows accurately the course of a logarithmic spiral.

Most of you, after many study terms, were pleased to get high marks in fractions or percentage. It was still a long way to logarithms at the end of the book. The infant spider begins far beyond where your mathematics left off. In any hedgerow or rural nook on a summer morning you can find the proof that a spider has been successfully engaged upon such a problem overnight. That problem is to make a spiral intersect all radiants at the same angle. Thus after laying the cables that extend in all directions from the centre, he lays a circular cable across these beginning at the centre, but on each lap at a wider interval so as to have all his angles uniform.

Of course, the spider accomplishes all this merely by instinct. God provides all His irrational creatures with instinct in order that they may sustain and protect themselves during their brief existence. Thus it is not really a serious matter for them to be cast off by their parents in their very infancy.

We are far superior to the irrational creatures because we are guided by our immortal mind or reason. By means of our reason we can study and reflect and choose between good and evil. You please God by choosing to avoid evil and to do good. A dog fears a club only through instinct. It is our reason that bids us avoid offending God because He is all good in Himself and deserving of our love for what it cost Him to save our souls.

But because our reason is so important a faculty, it must be properly trained and directed. That is why God leaves us, unlike the irrational creatures, so long dependent upon our parents. And that is why He has so strictly commanded obedience to them.



WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

The Prefecture of Shenchow - - - Letter from Paotsing - - - Happenings at Shenchow - - - Chinese Circus - - - Gemma's League

The Prefecture of Shenchow

THE following letter issued by the Holy See will be interesting to the friends of the Passionists in China as it establishes their district into an ecclesiastical territory to be known as the Prefecture Apostolic of Shenchow. In due time Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., will appoint one of the missionaries to be his representative as Prefect Apostolic.

The Prefecture Apostolic of Shenchow

By POPE PIUS XI.

FOR the perpetual memory of it.—That those matters which have been urgently solicited for the better management of the religious activities of the procuration, and that they may also serve for the greater exultation of the Christian name in the far East. We, by the office of the Supreme Apostolate divinely entrusted to Us, have decided to decree. It has been seen fit, after seasonable council has been taken, to divide, on account of its vast territorial extent, the hitherto Vicariate Apostolic of Changteh (Northern Hunan) that has long been entrusted to the care of the Hermits of Saint Augustine; and for securing the desired end the decision had already been given that other missionaries should be sent there from the Congregation of the Discalced Clerics of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. In view of the fact that the Venerable Brethren, Celsus Costantini, Titular Archbishop of Theodosia and Apostolic Delegate to China, and Angelo Carbajal, Titular Bishop of Caloen, and Ordinary of the above named Vicariate Apostolic, have, by common agreement, informed Us, of the great need

of establishing a new Prefecture Apostolic, We, on Our part, ever mindful of promoting the best interests of souls, have in consultation with the Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church who superintend the affairs of the Propagation of the Faith, maturely weighed the matter, and have thought proper to approve the wishes of the Prelates. Accordingly from the information received, and after due deliberation with the aforesaid Cardinals, and by the tenor of those presents, We, by Our own act, and by the plenitude of Our Apostolic Power, do separate from the Vicariate Apostolic of Changteh, or Northern Hunan, the territory that is bounded on the North by the Vicariate Apostolic of Ichang (South West Hupeh): on the West by the Vicariate Apostolic of Chungking (East Sezen) and Kweiyang (Kuicen): on the South, by the Vicariate Apostolic of Changsha (South Hunan): and, finally, on the East, by the Vicariate Apostolic of Changteh. This new Vicariate Apostolic includes within its confines the civil prefectures of Lungshan, Sangchih, Iungshun, Paotsing, Yungsui, Kuchang, Shenchow, Luki, Chenki, Supu, Kienchow, Fenghwang, Mayang, Yuenchow, Kiemjang, Hwangchow; and this separated or dismembered territory, We, by Our Apostolic Authority, establish as a Prefecture Apostolic, given to which shall be the name of Prefecture Apostolic of Shenchow, and the said Prefecture, thus formally erected by Us, We entrust to the care of members of the Congregation of the Discalced Clerics of the most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

We hereby ordain that the present decrees shall ever stand and remain in perpetuity, as firm, valid, and effective; that they shall be given and assigned their full and allotted meaning; and

PLEASE TELL FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ABOUT THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

A LITTLE MITE DOES A MIGHT WHEN GIVEN TO THE MISSIONARIES

to those to whom these shall concern or may pertain, are obliged to give their full adherence; and thus if anything may happen to be attempted contrariwise to these decrees, by any person whatsoever, by whatsoever authority, wittingly or unwittingly, is to be judged and repudiated as null and void. All things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome from St. Peters, under the ring of the Fisherman, on the 13th day of March, in the year 1925, the fourth of our Pontificate.

P. CARD. GASPARRI,
Secretary of State.

Letter From Paotsing

By FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE, C. P.

PAOTSING, an important city in our territory, has been since last November prominent in the affairs of this part of China. When the district of Shenchowfu was invaded by Generals Hsiung Keh Wu, Tang Tzu Mu, Ho Lung, Tien Yi Ching, and Chou Chao Wu, with an army of about thirty thousand, it looked as though we were going to have a repetition of the Shanghai war. General Tien of Shenchowfu, not having



GOD OF MUSIC

sufficient troops to stop this invasion, left immediately for Paotsing, bringing with him all his soldiers. As these men are mostly bandits, even the Generals are ex-bandit chiefs, it was thought for a time they would make trouble for Paotsing.

The news reached them that Hupeh soldiers had gone down to Shanghai to help the armies there. The invaders of Shenchow then decided to sweep down on the neighboring province of Hupeh while it was unprotected. They did not come to Paotsing. Paotsing

assumed greater importance on the arrival of another General and his army from Shenchowfu. With General Tien came his nephew, a Mr. T. H. Tien, who was graduated from the Nanking University and spent a year traveling in America. This Mr. Tien is an almost daily visitor to my Mission. When unable to come, he sends me a note.

This poor fellow, only twenty years old, labors under the delusion that someone is continually following him to kill him. He says that I am his best friend and that he knows I will protect him from his enemies. He is like many of the Chinese, great big children; I have to humor him. His frequent visits, however, help me to meet



UNLOADING "STEAMERS" AT THE CITY GATE, CHANGTEH MISSION

OUR "BOXER MOVEMENT." WRITE FOR A MITE BOX NOW



WHEN A CATECHIST PLAYS "TRAFFIC COP"—FOR CAMERA AT CITY GATE—MISSION CITY

the influential men not only of Paotsing but also of Shenchowfu. He always has two or three officers with him.

General Tzen of Paotsing is very kind to myself and the Mission. He has given me great help recently. He has come to know me better since last Spring when I was boycotted and threatened, because I tried to buy a piece of property adjoining the Mission. He saw that right was on my side, and with his help I succeeded in getting the property. Since that case was settled, he has been very friendly and often consults me in regard to the improvements he is making.

Paotsing is the most up-to-date city in the whole district. The schools compare favorably with those of Changsha, the capital. In fact, the majority of the teachers here are from Changsha. General Tzen has just opened three trade schools for his soldiers and thus makes the army support

itself. This is a great blessing. Until this move is made all over China, we will have to put up with soldiers turning bandits, because they get no pay.

Paotsing has a fire department. I discovered this fact only a few nights ago. A house near the Mission caught fire. Everybody seemed to have taken to the street and with the mob yelling and running to the fire it was a spectacle to remember. What was my surprise to see about

twenty men pulling a large cart on four iron wheels. On the top of the cart was a large tank, to which was fastened a pump and a long hose. They extinguished the fire in less than half an hour. This was something new in China. The Chinese usually run to a fire, not to extinguish it but to get all they possibly can. The Chinese reason thus: "if I didn't take it, the fire would have destroyed it: therefore, I saved it and it's mine."



SOME "INFERIOR" GODS IN BUDDHA'S TEMPLE NEAR HANKOW PROCURATION

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY URGE YOU TO HELP THE MISSIONS

An old missionary once informed me that the Chinese do everything with a curve. I was surprised at the expression, for "curves" are only understood as a rule by players and fans of the American diamond. After being with the Chinese for a while, one does see and understand their "curves." They have so many different kinds of them, that our best American pitchers could learn a few stunts from the Chinese.

Here is an instance of a Chinese curve. At my Yungsui Mission which, by the way, is only a rented Chinese house, I put a large cross on the roof. After returning to Paotsing, word came from my Catechist that the owner had taken down the cross, saying he was not a Christian and the house did not belong to the Mission. Seeing that this was only a "curve" of the owner to force me to buy his property, I immediately tried to think out a few curves myself. I wrote to the General here explaining the whole matter. I told him that I wanted the cross replaced on the roof or my money refunded. Two months previously I had paid the year's rent to November 1925.

The General at once sent word to his lieutenant at Yungsui, who in turn acquainted the owner with the decision. The owner replied that he would return the money and that I was to leave the place. This curve turned out to be a foul. I told him that he must return me the money paid him, and also 3% interest for the time he had it. This curve hit him hard. He was willing to return the money, but did not think of interest as that would make him a loser. He agreed to put the cross back and let me remain in the house. He knew that I would have to come to his terms or else pay a higher rent than some-

where else. I fortunately saw the situation as well as he did, and hence my 3% curve.

It is late to be telling you of our Christmas celebration. The memory of its happiness still remains. For several weeks before that day, I had been preparing a large class for Baptism. They were received on Christmas day. At mid-

night, I celebrated Holy Mass. It was preceded and followed by Christmas carols. Being alone I had to be the "Santa Claus." The little chinks had a big Christmas tree and hung up their long stockings. My sister and some friends sent me a supply of sweets and toys that made the tots happy.

I explained to them that Santa Claus was really St. Nicholas. One lad wanted to know if Santy brought all the things from heaven, or did he buy them in America. Another asked if Santy could speak Chinese, or did Sen Fu have to translate everything for him. This is the first year we ever had a Crib and I guess it is the first representation of our Savior's birth in this part of Hunan. Now and then the youngsters still speak of Christmas time and though it is many months away they express the hope that next Christmas will be as great as the last one.

An item worth noting

about Paotsing Mission is the preparatory school. I am trying to foster vocations to the priesthood among the boys here. Three bright lads have already enlisted to study for the priesthood and become "like Sen Fu." These have special exercises of piety every day, and besides their ordinary Chinese studies attend classes in Latin. Prayers for vocations are needed to build up a strong native priesthood. China has good boys aplenty, but there are few who do



A COMBINATION OF WOOD AND PLASTER—THE CHURCH AT SHENCHOWFU MISSION



"A BLIND BEGGER"
(Shenchowfu Mission)

not wish to marry, or who have not already been espoused while yet small children. In this matter a child has no choice or wish; everything is decided by the parents.

The Holy See urges the training of a native clergy. We must therefore pray for vocations and that those who wish to become priests may have the graces needed. My three postulants hope one day to be Passionists. Unite with these boys in prayer that their heart-felt longing may be granted. I hope some will help me with this venture of a preparatory school.

Let me now conclude with an earnest request for prayers. Gemma's

League of spiritual works is the easiest and most efficient way of helping the missionaries and hastening the conversion of China.

Happenings At Shenchowfu

By FATHER CLEMENT SEYBOLD, C. P.

CHINA is a country of adventure. One never knows what is going to happen next. Peace does not remain very long. The people are restless. "Money is the root of all evils." We see the truth of it here every day. Those that haven't it fight for it. Those who have it struggle to keep it and get more.

During the past few days Shenchow was in fear of being completely robbed by an army of soldiers occupying the city. We had as much dread of it as the people. We are usually unmolested, but as these soldiers are strangers, it was prudent to be prepared. We were on the point of hiding all the valuables, such as the sacred vessels and vestments, when word came that the danger was not imminent.

The army now in control of the city are Szechwan troops from the province west of Hunan. They passed through here last Fall to join the southern soldiers who were fighting Wu

Pei Fu, the dictator of the North at Peking. At Changteh they were opposed by Hunan soldiers from Changsha and retreated to Shenchow to await re-enforcements from the province of Yunnan. The Changsha soldiers opposed the Szechwan army because Hunan is an independent province and fears that if these troops joined the southern republic and won against the North, they would come back and deprive this province of its independence.

The Szechwan soldiers were not welcome here. It was commonly believed that if the expected re-enforcements did not come, the city would be looted and even destroyed. Fortunately for Shenchow the rumor is that the Yunnan army reached Changteh and now these Szechwan men are leaving to join them. They intend to fight their way through to the southern armies. If they are beaten a second time by the Hunan soldiers from Changsha, one can be certain they will return here and that no one will escape their vengeance.

The poor people suffered very much as long as these men remained. There are ten thousand of them, all living in private houses. They use the beds and make the people sleep on the ground. They take all the food. They practically do as they please without any respect for age or sex.

An exciting event happened here last Easter Sunday night—one that blighted our Easter joy. It was a brutal murder that affected us all.

Easter Sunday was for us a day of joy and peace and the rest that follows hard work and service. As our numbers allowed it, all the services of Holy Week were performed solemnly as at the monastery churches in America. We also had the devotion of "The Three Hours" on Good Friday afternoon. Father Paul preached eight discourses on the Sacred Passion in Chinese. It was a consolation to see most of the Christians present at the different servi-



ITINERANT BARBER
(Shenchowfu Mission)

APPRECIATE YOUR FAITH BY HELPING THE CHINESE TO GET IT

ces; and our joy was complete when on Easter morning at the Solemn High Mass every Christian received Holy Communion.

It was truly the "end of a perfect day," when we retired at night. We were asleep for some time, when loud pounding at the Mission gate aroused us. Some Christians came to inform us that one of our Christians across the street had just been killed. Father Paul immediately hastened to give the last sacraments if he could do so.

A poor widow leaving two small children was the victim of a cruel murder. She was not poor in this world's goods. In fact it was her wealth that incited the tragedy. This unfortunate woman was considered rich. She owned a little property, wore good clothes and some jewels. Hence the rivalry for her hand. On Easter Sunday afternoon a pagan called to see her and asked her to marry him. She refused.

That night he returned to her house with two other men. They gained an entrance and brutally murdered her. They slashed her body and almost cut off her head. They cut off her fingers for the sake of the rings she was wearing. Neighboring Christians heard her screams and hastened to the house and after seeing what had happened they came to the Mission to get a priest. The murderers made their escape. It is doubtful if they will ever be captured.

The body was placed in a coffin of rough logs. The Christians kept watch night and day reciting prayers for her soul. Though she suffered a violent and sudden death, there is every reason to believe she was well prepared. She had received Holy Communion that very morning and intended to receive the next day.

The funeral took place the following Wednesday morning. It was the first Christian funeral

we had ever seen since our arrival in China. Then it was decided to make it as great as possible by having all the Christians attend, and parade through the streets, to let the pagans of Shenchowfu know that there is a Catholic church in their city, to arouse their curiosity, and to show them the goodly number of Chinese who are followers of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

At eight a. m. the boys of the School, dressed in their khaki uniform marched to the home of the deceased. They waited there to lead the funeral procession to the church. Eight men carried the coffin, by means of ropes fastened around it and then to long poles which rested on their shoulders. Father Dominic celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass. Father Paul preached the sermon. The church was crowded not only with the Christians but with many pagans.

After the Mass and exequies, the coffin was carried to the street. Here they put a frame work around it to make the burden easier to carry. Over the coffin they placed a red cloth, to the four corners of which was tied long white streamers. The Christians then lined up two and two and held these white streamers. At the head of the procession an altar boy carried the cross draped in white, the color of mourning in China. A cross of white flowers was placed on the top of the coffin. Following the cross-bearer came two more altar boys with the censer and holy water. The school boys followed and then all the other Christians, some before the coffin and a number after it. The long procession went through the city and out into the country to the cemetery.

It seems the Chinese can do nothing without fire works. At the head of the procession walked two men, one with a bushel basket full of fire-crackers, and the other took out string after string



ALONG THE SHORES OF A BUSY PORT—CHANGTEH MISSION

PLEASE RENEW YOUR SIGN SUBSCRIPTION. IT WILL HELP THE MISSION.

and set them off during the whole procession. Two other men followed them blowing horns that emitted the most weird sounds.

At the grave the coffin was set on the ground. Father Dominic then sprinkled the coffin and the grave with holy water and with the fragrant incense blessed the corpse and its last resting place. Then the men who carried the coffin stood on top of it and began to hoe the dirt over it, until a great mound of earth covered it. While this was being done we chanted the *Miserere*. The fire works continued until the grave was finished.

It is a pleasure to record that our school is making wonderful progress. It is the big thing of the Mission today. Last year we had less than fifty pupils. An old building, renovated and enlarged, is our school and we have a hundred and fifty pupils. Four times that number would come if we had the room to accommodate them.

We started building a school for girls. The work had to be discontinued, because on account of the soldiers in the city everything cost more and the workmen went on strike for higher wages. But we did not have the money to pay higher wages. They quit, and no doubt obtained work at the Protestant Mission, for they have been able to pay their men right along and can afford it. The Protestants have a wonderful plant and are adding to it. They have their own water system, their own electric light plant, and every convenience. Money is no draw-back to them, whereas it is our greatest worry.

For the past few months Father Agatho has been building a church at one of his missions and Brother Lambert superintends it. The workmen here were trained by Brother Lambert. Until he came they knew nothing of good construction. As they are now skilled experienced men, we wish to keep them and have them do all the building at our different missions. But it is impossible to do so, because of lack of funds. Thus we are losing these men, who will and do go over to the Protestant Mission. There they can get higher wages and will be doubly welcome because of their knowledge and experience. All the missions will suffer more or less through our loss of these workmen.

We did not learn of Father Edmund's death until a week after his burial. Father Ulric, the Franciscan Procurator, sent us a telegram and a letter, but on account of the war, the wires were cut. Father Dominic left here after Easter to visit the different missions, and will probably go to Hankow as soon as he learns of Father Edmund's death.

We are all happy and working hard. In a few months we hope to be sent to the different missions. Please assure our good benefactors of our grateful remembrance of them. With their help

we can accomplish very much for God in China.

Chinese Circus

By FATHER RUFERT LANGENBACKER, C. P.

CHINESE Amusements are seldom pictured for the gaze of Americans. This may be for the reason there is so little to put into such pictures. In the large cities like Peking, Shanghai, Hong Kong, amusements are of the modern sort and differ in no way from those seen in America. It is in the interior of this vast celestial country that one may see amusements that are truly out of the ordinary.

From what I have been told and from all that I have seen myself, the greatest fun invented by the Chinese chucklesmiths occurs during the New Year celebrations. This year the celebration began on the twenty fifth of January and ended on February seventh. About February first, the fun makers begin their performances on the different streets. They might well be named "the Ringling Brothers of Chinatown." They go from street to street until the last day of the festival season. On the seventh of February the show was requested to perform at the Mission.

The boys and girls were naturally enthusiastic about the coming show. The first rumor of the approach of the merry makers reached us about eight o'clock. No one however took the report seriously, for it is customary here to announce as present what is really a good distance away.

At last the long wait is finally rewarded. The big Mission gates swing open and a soldier enters bearing aloft a large paper lantern. He is soon followed by a number of soldiers. They are the actors and will conduct the miniature hippodrome. After them come men and boys carrying large Chinese lanterns and then a good crowd of the populace.

Our impatience to see the show is finally satisfied by the appearance of the first number on the program. This is the much talked of "Sih Dze" or Lion Act. No one would take that large ungainly looking brute for a lion, but for the present we have to consider it to be so. The head is as big as a bushel basket. The features are terrifying, reminding one more of a monster dragon than a lion. Colors of bright red, green, and yellow add to its ferocious appearance. In strength the lion possesses a two man power motor: one occupies the forepart, and the other has the rear part to manage.

As all eyes are curiously fixed on the strange beast; we see him turn his head from side to side and waggle his tail, much to the delight of the on-lookers. Now he leaps upon the table and paws the air, and assumes postures that any real

African lion would seek in vain to imitate. His special effort is to grasp in his huge cave-like mouth the baton that his trainor waves to and fro. After ten or fifteen minutes of awkward swaying in fruitless attempts to snatch his prey, Mr. Lion springs to the ground and Act First is over.

Like all theatres, there now follows the usual delay and long wait for the next performance. We are delighted when the stage again takes life. Act Two brings on a man stripped to the waist. Slowly he draws his outstretched arms to a graceful horizontal position. One here is truly in the dark as to what the man will do, for the lanterns spread but a sickly glow and the performer never utters a word. The actor now glides quickly forward, crouches, throws out both fists, jumps up and down, gives a few ungodly whoops, and kicks several times at some invisible enemy. Chinese shadow boxing it is, to be sure.

The customary delay again follows, and then we have Act Three, the final number, which is the best of all. Its title readily recalls an American game as well as a species of men whose absence no one would regret. Bunco is the word that races through my memory, but "Ban Ko" is the term given to the feature before us.

A huge black and green striped oyster shell suddenly appears at the far end of the stage. At the same time we see a man take his position a few paces in front of the shell. He is dressed in trousers of rich bright colors, and wears a long flimsy moustache and an old broad straw hat. He is a fisherman, so runneth the story, but in our first rash judgment we labelled him a Spanish bull-fighter. At present he is supposed to be standing on the bank of the river fishing, and as all fisherman are wont to do, every now and then takes a swig of no per cent water.

Suddenly he discovers the large oyster shell far out in the deep water. While gazing at it, he is surprized to see it open and there inside of it is a beautiful mermaid. Once more it is well we have been made aware of this fact, for the pretty lassie is dressed in silks and satins. She

has many jewels on her fingers and arms, and a sort of pearl woven crown adorns her head. The horrible noise of the orchestra dies away into a much appreciated silence, and a soft weird and not unpleasant music takes its place. The fisherman naturally desires to capture the living pearl. But alas, between him and his coveted prize is the deep water. He tip-toes about, now advancing, now receding, as the imaginary water frightens him by its depth. From time to time a kind of flash light powder is ignited and thrown into the air, thus giving a better view of the fisherman and the maid in the large oyster shell.

Sometimes the fisherman approaches very near to the shell in his eagerness to possess the marvelous aquatic lady. The lady is in reality a boy, for it would be unheard of boldness for a woman in China to cast aside her traditional reserve and appear in such a role. The fisherman makes a more brave attempt to reach the shell. He reaches it and looks in it, when it suddenly closes and catches his too inquisitive head. Struggling violently, he succeeds in freeing himself and beats a hasty retreat to the phantom shore. But he ventures his luck again and at last ventures too near and is caught up bodily into the shell. This is the climax, and at the sound of the blowing of bugles the troupe makes its way out of the big Mission gate. The crowd follows. The show is over.

Gemma's League

The following list shows the prayers and good works which were offered for the Passionist Chinese Missions during the month of May.

Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	23	Rosaries	43,529
Masses heard	38,428	Visits to Our Lady	49,574
Holy Communions	25,163	Beads of the Seven	
Visits to the Blessed		Dolors	11,172
Sacrament	91,404	Ejaculatory Prayers	185,800,017
Spiritual Communions	299,500	Hours of Study,	
Benediction Services	21,000	Reading	44,217
Sacrifices, Sufferings	118,687	Hours of Labor	70,798
Stations of the Cross	20,064	Acts of Kindness,	
Visits to the Crucifix	132,383	Charity	96,924
Beads of the		Acts of Zeal	156,000
Five Wounds	25,821	Prayers, Devotions	798,572
Offerings of the		Various Works	988,332
Precious Blood	506,925		

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

RT. REV. EDW. J. FLYNN
REV. J. J. BOWENS
SISTER M. MARY OF ST.
PLACIDUS KERNAN
SR. MARY CANDIDE
EDWARD DEVLIN
ANTON A. MILLER
CHARLES J. WRIGHT

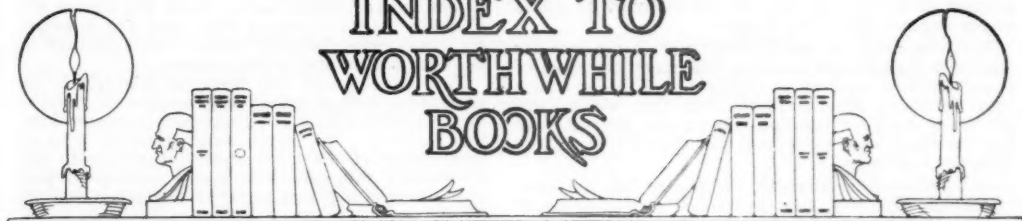
PETER P. GREEN
MRS. V. A. FARMERIE
MRS. MARY TORPEY
MRS. BRADY
SEBASTIAN SCHMITT
MRS. O'BRIEN
HONORA MORAN
MICHAEL MORAN
HANNAH McGRATH
MRS. A. J. MULLEN
MARY V. SULLIVAN
JOHN J. McCANN
MRS. McDONALD
MISS LILLIAN FITZ-
GERALD
MRS. MARGARET CHECH
MARGARET BERGER
CATHERINE CRADDOCK

MARGARET FLYNN
MRS. DUGGAN
MRS. O'KEEFE
HELEN NEILL
GEORGE V. DANIELS
HATTIE SCHMITT
MARY MORAN
MARY CREIGH
TERESA M. BACIGALUPA
MRS. R. LEE
BRIDGET WHITE
MISS MARGARET
GARRAHAN
MYRTLE NORCUTT
PATRICK CASSIDY
JOHN CASSIDY
WILLIAM CASSIDY
MICHAEL McGUINNESS

MARY SMITH
JAMES SMITH
BRIDGET EHLLINGER
MRS. WM. McDEVITT
MRS. MARY HOGAN
MARY KENNEDY
JOHN KENNEDY
MISS M. LEARY
PETER McDONALD
MICHAEL J. WHITE

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE SAVIOR'S LAST APPEAL "BEHOLD THY MOTHER." By Rev. A. M. Mayer, O. S. M. Issued by the National Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, Portland, Oregon.

The object of this little volume of two hundred and fifty pages may best be expressed in the words of the introduction: "As the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother is to stand as a living and perpetual memorial to the sacred ideal upon which the Servite Order was founded, viz, service and honor to the Blessed and Sorrowful Mother of Our Redeemer, this short treatise has been compiled in order that the public may be informed of the reasons for the Sanctuary, and the inspirations that have dictated it and the results which are expected to be accomplished through it."

The principal content of this book is the Mariology of the Rev. Magnus M. Perzager, O. S. M., which Father Mayer has translated and adapted from the original German. This work is divided into three parts under the headings of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The style is that of a catechism; and in question and answer form there is contained practically all that is to be known of our Blessed Mother, her prerogatives, her virtues and the honor due to her.

The reader will find in this book a very interesting sketch of the life of the Blessed Virgin, and a thorough explanation of the Hail Mary or the Angelical Salutation. The Seven Dolors are illustrated by a corresponding number of appropriate cuts, and the correct manner of reciting the Beads of the Seven Dolors is explained.

The frontispiece is a picture of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. The introduction contains a brief history of the Servite Order, a short sketch of the object of the sanctuary, a brief history of pilgrimages and their meaning.

"The Savior's Last Appeal" should be of interest to all Catholics who have any love for our Blessed Mother. Directors of Our Lady's sodalities will find in it abundant matter for talks on our Blessed Mother. As so well stated in the introduction "a careful perusal of these pages will bring to the Christian mind, Catholic and non-Catholic, a clear understanding of the position, the attributes and the powers assigned to the Blessed Virgin Mary by the Catholic Church and the veneration, the devotion, the confidence to which she is entitled."—N. C.

THE CASE AGAINST EVOLUTION. By George Barry O'Toole, Ph. D., S. T. D. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$3.50.

The author thus states the thesis of his book: "Evolution has long since degenerated into a dogma, which is believed in spite of the facts and not on account of them." This is the finding of a biologist, philosopher and theologian who reviews the case of evolution with becoming mental poise.

For many years scientists—so called—have ponder-

ed over this thought-stimulating theory. Philosophers, geologists, biologists, paleontologists and college professors have espoused its cause. Vast fortunes have been expended in research labors and incalculable brain energy has been employed to establish its truth.

Columnists, editors, magazine and even novel writers constantly have held its tenets before our eyes. Hence it would seem that there was no room for another publication treating of this subject. But because much of this literature is partisan, Mr. O'Toole has had his manuscripts printed and given to the public. Then too he presents a phase of this question which is not so familiar to the ordinary student, a phase which exhibits its incoherencies and weaknesses.

The author rapidly outlines a retrospect of the life of the Evolution theory and depicts the crisis in Evolutionary thought of today. Then follows a treatment of homology and its interpretation considering it with reference to its solution as proposed by evolutionists and their antagonists. Wasman, Dordolot, and McCann are subjected to criticism.

Mr. O'Toole's opinion is that the argument of evolutionists regarding homology is defective in three important respects: (1) in its lack of experimental confirmation; (2) in its incomplete enumeration of the disjunctive possibilities; (3) in its inability to construct a scheme of transmutation that synthesizes inheritance and variation in a factually substantiated formula.

The Evolutionist-Paleontological defence appears in the chapter "Fossil Pedigrees." Here a colossal accumulation of material is exhibited and the conclusions of the evolutionists stated. But all this data fails to demonstrate to the unbiased mind the formation of one species from another.

The problems of the origin of life, of the human soul and of the human body are extensively discussed in their logical order. Many authorities speaking on these subjects here furnish interesting and intelligent information.

In the final chapter entitled "Afterword" Mr. O'Toole throws the spotlight on the evil effects that have resulted from the theory of Evolution.

The book is a fair, scholarly and authoritative critique of a theory that has come in for much discussion in these days.—S. T.

CATHOLIC CUSTOMS AND SYMBOLS. By Rt. Rev. Hugh T. Henry. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$1.90 Net.

We are living in an age of signs and symbols. There is no nation without a flag; no state without its seal. Colleges and schools have their colors; and there is no fraternity without its emblem or pin. And what are these but signs and symbols representing some virtue, proclaiming some motto, or indicating some alliance.

The Catholic Church too has its signs and symbols.

THE † SIGN

In the early days the Church found it necessary, on account of the persecutions, to veil many of its truths under various types and figures.

But how many of our Catholic people are familiar with the significance of even the most common of these symbols used by the Church? This ignorance may be owing in part to the fact that while there are many books written on this subject yet they are for the most part so voluminous that few have the time to read them.

To obviate this difficulty Fr. Henry has prepared "Catholic Customs and Symbols." In this small volume the author has chosen not only the most common and practical of these symbols but also the principal customs of the Church and has treated them in a simple and pleasing manner. He as it were takes you by the arm and leads you into the Cathedral at Amiens. Before you enter he points out to you those symbols that strike your attention, such as the cross, the bells, the door, etc. Then after entering he briefly outlines the most important symbols of the interior, such as the stained glass windows, the massive pillars, the altars, etc. Now you assist with him at Solemn Mass as he explains to you. After Mass he conducts you to the Lady Chapel where you spend some pleasing moments while he explains to you the position of Our Lady in Catholic theology, etc.

This is but a faint outline of the delectable treatment of a usually rather dry subject.—C. F.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD BREVIARY.

By Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D. D. Benziger Bros. New York. Price: \$1.75 Net.

This is an interesting story of an old Breviary. It is written with the view of interpreting, in a familiar way, the object, nature, and contents of the official prayer-book of the Catholic Church. Many readers of the Ecclesiastical Review are already acquainted with part of the contents of this volume as these parts appeared in that magazine in serial form.

An explanation of any book is likely to be dull reading and this would be especially true of such a book as the Breviary. Dr. Heuser has solved the difficulty by personifying a Breviary under the name of B. R. Totum (Breviarium Romanum Totum).

The book is intended "in the first place, for priests who want to get a fuller appreciation of the beauty and grace of the daily office of prayer; in the next place it is meant for students in Theology who are preparing for Sacred Orders; and finally it may aid numerous souls who in the retirement of the cloister, seek to sanctify their daily labors by the thoughtful recitation of the canonical hours."

The story relates the experiences of an old Breviary from the time it leaves its home in Tournai, Belgium, until it is retired by its second owner Father "Tim". The Autobiography is divided into six parts each containing from four to eleven chapters. The headings of the chapters are self explanatory. "The Totum Gives a Tip to the Preacher," "How Pope St. Gregory Fixed the Sun Dial," "The Ordinary of the Office," "The Gallican and the Roman Psalter," "Beatus Vir" are among the topics treated. The entire contents are explained in a scholarly and interesting manner.

In the chapter "A Talk with the Abbess" the editor gives an excellent example of how to construct a sermon with the aid of the Breviary. All through the book interesting bits of history are brought in and quaint humor is scattered effectively. In two different places there are examples of seminary

examinations on the Breviary which the author uses to emphasize various points about the Divine Office. For the benefit of those who read the Breviary in English, some familiar terms are explained in a Glossary at the end of the volume.

We cannot praise this book too highly. It leaves the reader with a keener appreciation of the beauty of the Divine Office and engenders a greater love for the Breviary. We recommend it to all who recite this prayer of the Church and especially to seminarians and religious who are preparing to assume the burdens and privileges of the sacerdotal life.—N. C.

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES

Longmans, Green and Co., New York, have recently published a series of Catholic Biographies which we cordially commend to the Readers of THE SIGN:

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THE LIFE OF CORNELIA CONNELLY, 1809 to 1879. Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. By a member of the Society. With a Preface by Cardinal Gasquet.

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THE SPIRIT OF ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL as shown by her Letters. Translated by The Sisters of the Visitation, Harrow-on-the-Hill. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne.

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A MEMOIR OF MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL, O.S.D. (Augusta Theodosia Drane) sometime Prioress Provincial of the Congregation of Dominican Sisters of S. Catherine of Siena, Stone. With some of her Spiritual Notes and Letters. Edited by the Rev. Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.

MOTHER MARY OF THE PASSION, Foundress of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (1839-1904). By the Rev. Dominic Devas, O.F.M.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

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Grateful acknowledgment to all the members of the Dunmore Pa. Circle and their many friends for a check of thirteen hundred and ten dollars and twenty five cents, which was realized at the wonderful card party on May 4th for the Passionist Chinese Missions.

"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling."

(3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDOUBTEDLY, some of our readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memorial in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity.....	\$225.00
Sacred Heart	\$450.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$385.00
St. Michael.....	\$170.00
St. Joseph.....	\$215.00
St. Patrick.....	\$190.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$225.00
St. Gabriel.....	\$200.00
St. Rita.....	\$115.00
Little Flower.....	\$240.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$10,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$9,675.00

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
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Care of **THE SIGN**
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PLEASE GIVE NOW! THE MISSIONARIES' NEEDS ARE PRESSING.

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This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want, —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

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Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF

Highland Trust Company of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
UNION CITY, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31, 1924

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds.....	\$2,356,988.08
Mortgages.....	1,391,291.55
Loans and Bills Purchased.....	709,347.96
Banking House.....	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1.00
Cash on Hand and Due from Banks.....	280,931.72
Accrued Interest.....	36,120.51
	\$4,859,922.04

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	189,565.78
Deposits.....	4,370,356.26
	\$4,859,922.04

Trust Funds are kept separate from the
assets of the Company

A Banking House of Merit

OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
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BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
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the Brunswick Laundry, 220
Tonnele Avenue, Jersey City,
N. J., and made a thorough inspection
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found over 600 Employees, cheerful,
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THE SIGN

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IF YOU COULD SEE!

IF you could see the homeless children of China, with their wan, appealing faces: grasp their tiny, emaciated hands in your own; hear their touching cries for a home, for food, for care:

IF you could see the lowliness, poverty and wretchedness of the aged men and women, barely existing in a land that knows neither love nor charity for those past the age of work and toil:

IF you could see the heart-rending barter of virginal daughters at the hands of avaricious, grasping, unscrupulous pagan fathers:

IF you could see the sad results due to total ignorance of Christ and behold Satan-ridden China trembling with awe, prostrated with craven fear in servile adoration before the monster-eyed, ogre-lipped, dragon-clawed idols:

IF you could see the good that can be done, and the good that is being done for these poor, benighted pagans by the Passionist Missionaries in China:

--Then--

The charity of Christ would fill your heart! The thought of the dying Christ of Calvary would fill your mind! You would see the breaking Heart of Christ on the Cross and your ears would ring with His cry on His bed of pain: "I Thirst." And—

You Would Give, Give, Give.

You would give from your abundance and from your poverty that these people might learn Christ, that these precious souls might be saved!

The need is great! Give now! Give till it hurts! By such giving is heaven made secure for yourself!

THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES

Care of THE SIGN

Union City,

New Jersey

